

A DELL COMIC
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JULY-AUG. 10¢

THE

CISCO KID





SADDLE SLANG



SCRATCHING

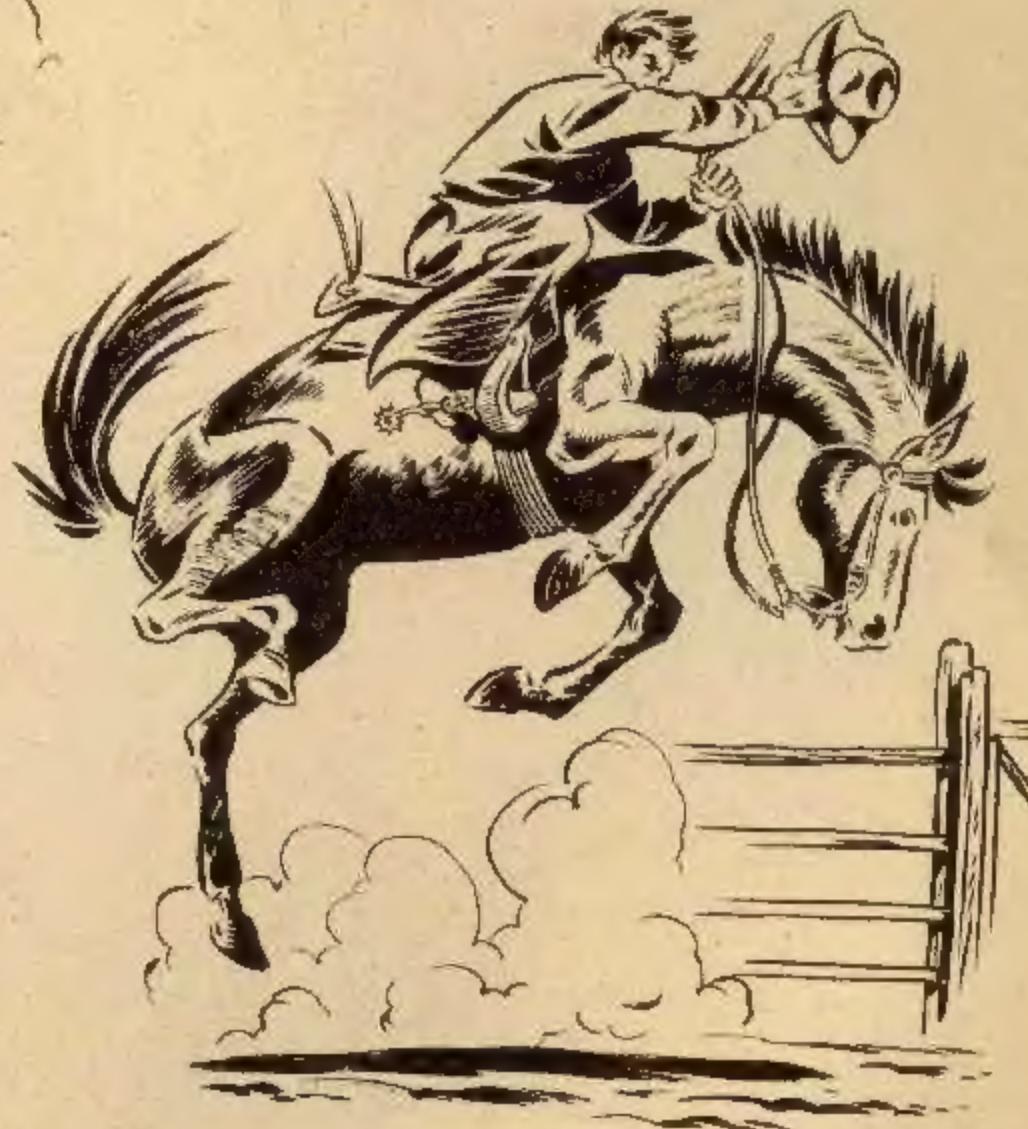
SCRATCHING IS A TERM USED BY AND GIVEN TO COWBOYS WHO SCRATCH A BUCKING HORSE WITH THEIR SPURS.

RODEO RULES REQUIRE THAT A BUCKING BRONC RIDDEN BY A CONTEST RIDER, MUST BE SCRATCHED SO MANY TIMES FROM HIS SHOULDER BACK. THIS SWINGING MOTION OF THE LEGS WHILE RIDING AN OUTLAW, REQUIRES PLENTY OF SKILL BY TOP BRONC-BUSTERS.

PULLING LEATHER

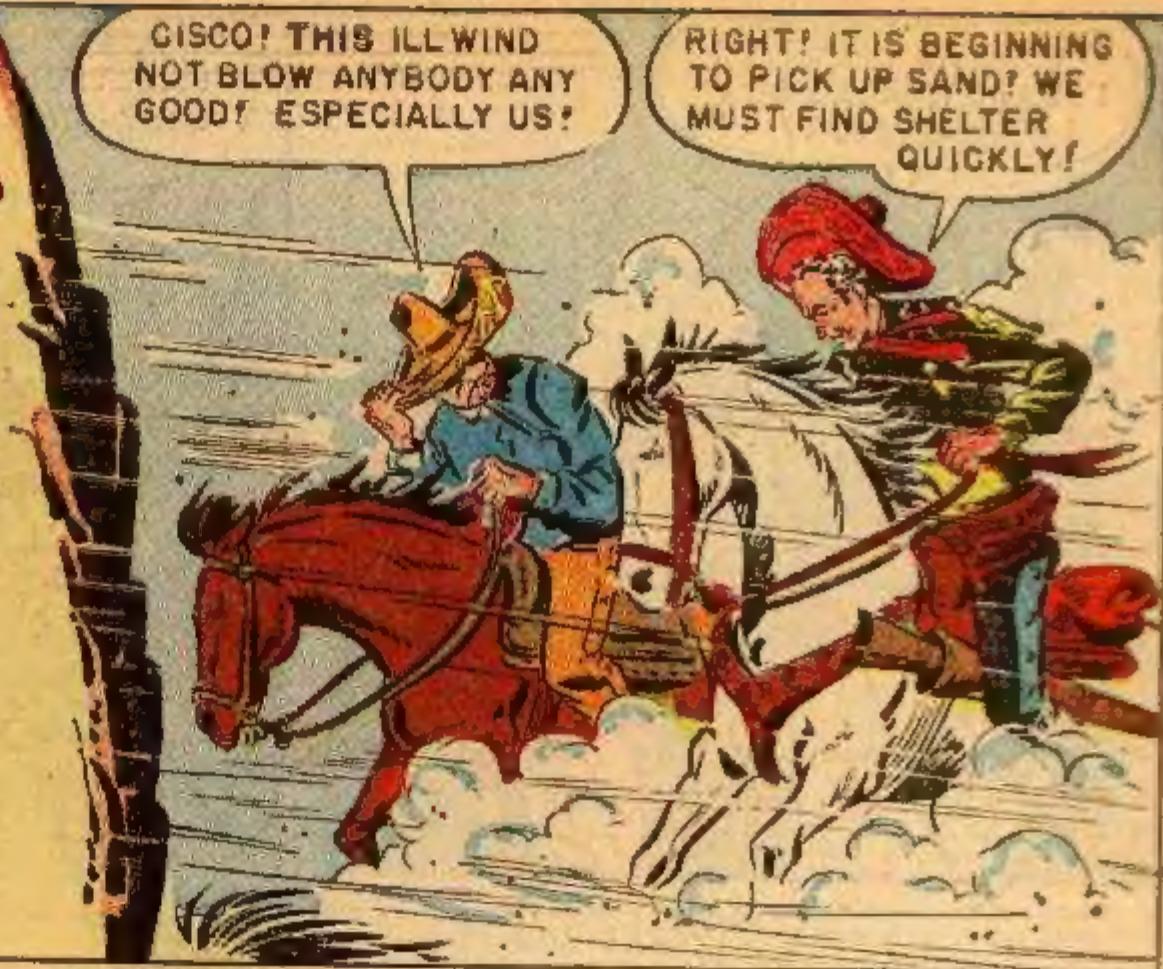
PULLING LEATHER MEANS HOLDING ONTO THE SADDLE-HORN. COWBOYS, WHILE RIDING BUCKING HORSES, SCOFF AT THIS AND WILL BE THROWN RATHER THAN "PULL LEATHER". PULLING LEATHER IN ORGANIZED RODEOS IS STRICTLY AGAINST RODEO RULES.

HOWEVER, A LONE COWBOY OUT ON THE RANGE WOULD FORGET HIS PRIDE IF IT WAS A CHOICE OF LOSING HIS HORSE OR HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!



THE CISCO KID

IN THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
SCREAMING SEÑORITA



SURE AS SHOOTIN',
I HEARD HORSES DOWN
IN THE CANTON!

A PAIR O' COWPOKES! LOOKS
LIKE THEY'RE FIXIN' TO
STAY AWHILE, TOO!



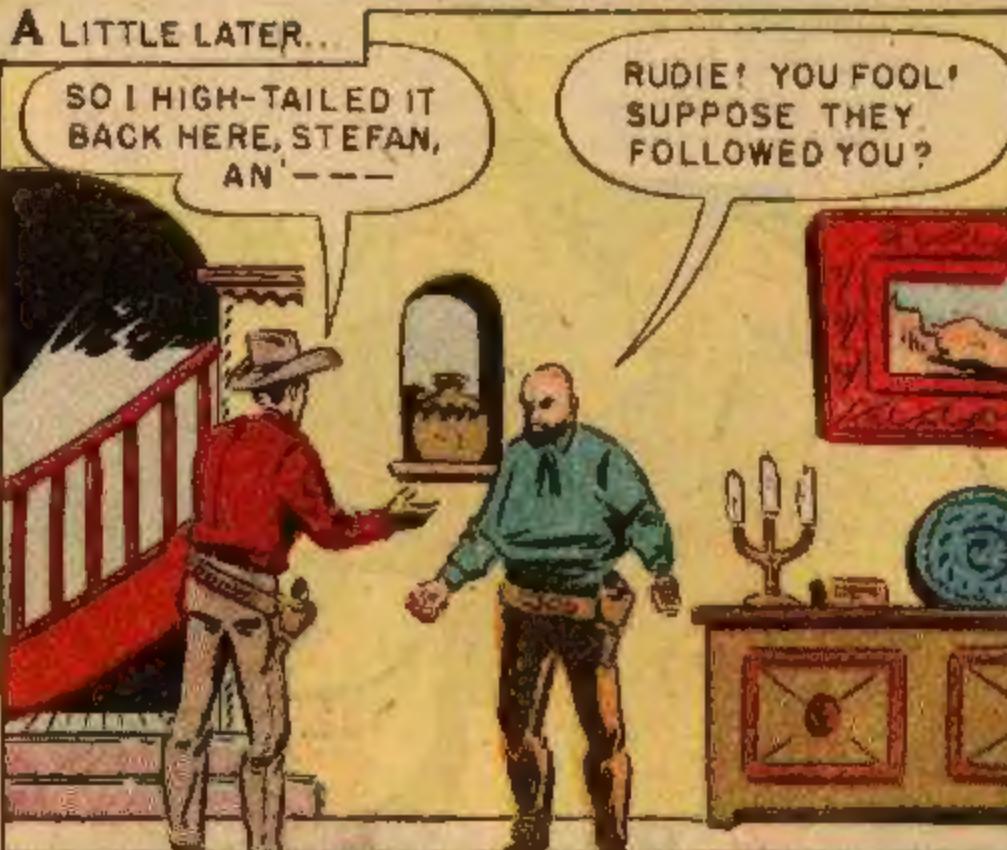
SANTO! THIS FIRE
SHE IS NEVER GOING
TO BURN, AMIGO?

TOO BAD YOU
DID NOT BRING
SOME OF THAT
WIND ALONG! IT
WOULD COME IN HANDY!



THE CISCO KID AND
PANCHO! WAIT TILL STEFAN
HEARS THIS!

A LITTLE LATER...



SO I HIGH-TAILED IT
BACK HERE, STEFAN,
AN' ---

RUDIE! YOU FOOL!
SUPPOSE THEY
FOLLOWED YOU?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, BOSS! THEY WERE SO BUSY GETTIN' A FIRE GOIN' THEY DIDN'T EVEN SPOT ME!

A FIRE, HUH? THEN THEY AREN'T TRYING TO HIDE THEIR PRESENCE HERE? I WONDER---

MAYBE THEY'RE NOT HERE ON BUSINESS AT ALL! MAYBE THEY JUST HAPPENED INTO THAT CANYON AN'---

THOSE TWO NEVER JUST HAPPEN' INTO ANYPLACE, RUDIE!



IT'S MY HUNCH THEY'RE ON OUR TRAIL! BY SHOWING THEMSELVES, MAYBE THEY HOPE TO DECOY US OUT INTO THE OPEN!

INSTEAD O' WHICH, WE'LL DECOY THEM--- INTO A TRAP!

WITH THE CHARMING ANNALEE AS BAIT! BE READY TO RIDE AS SOON AS IT'S DARK!

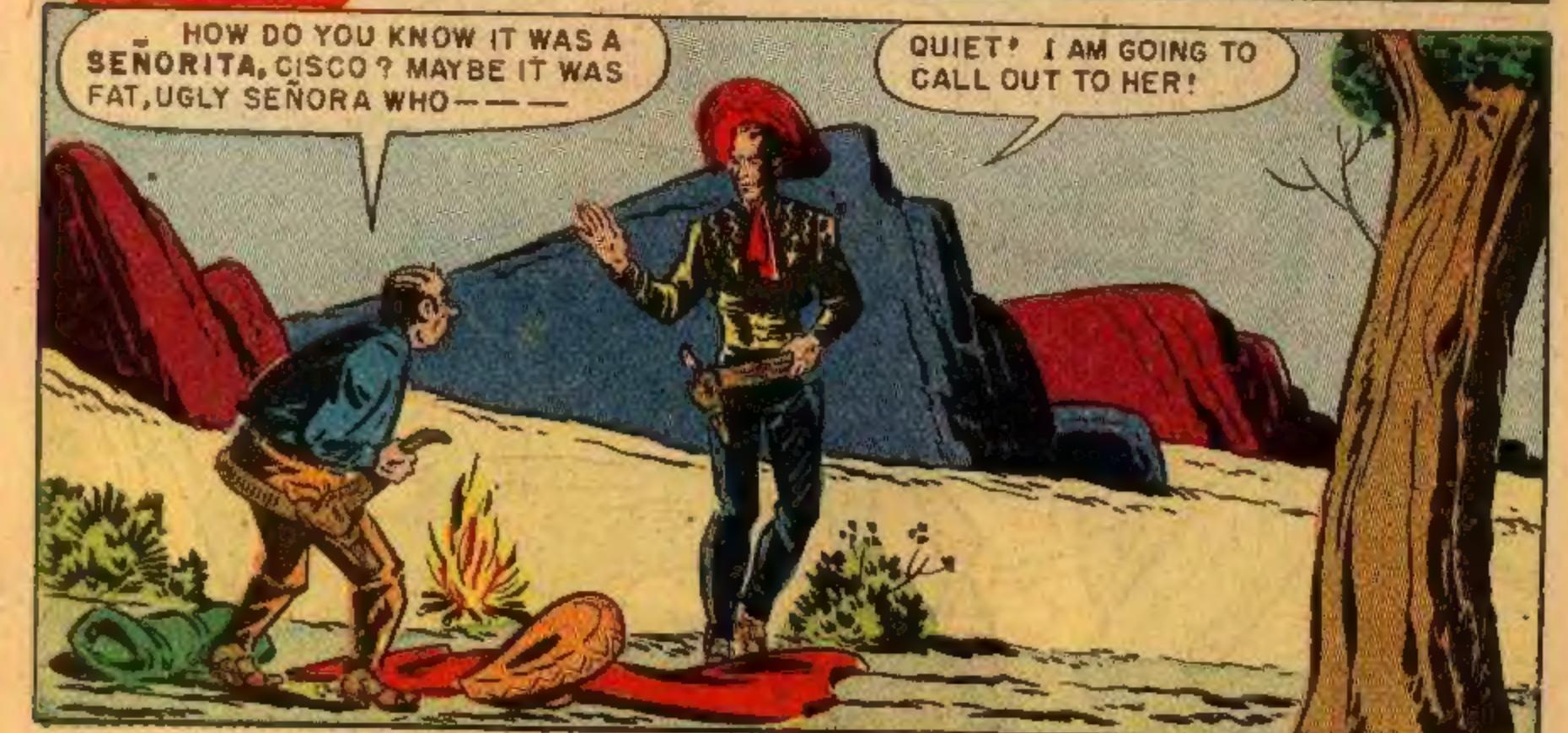
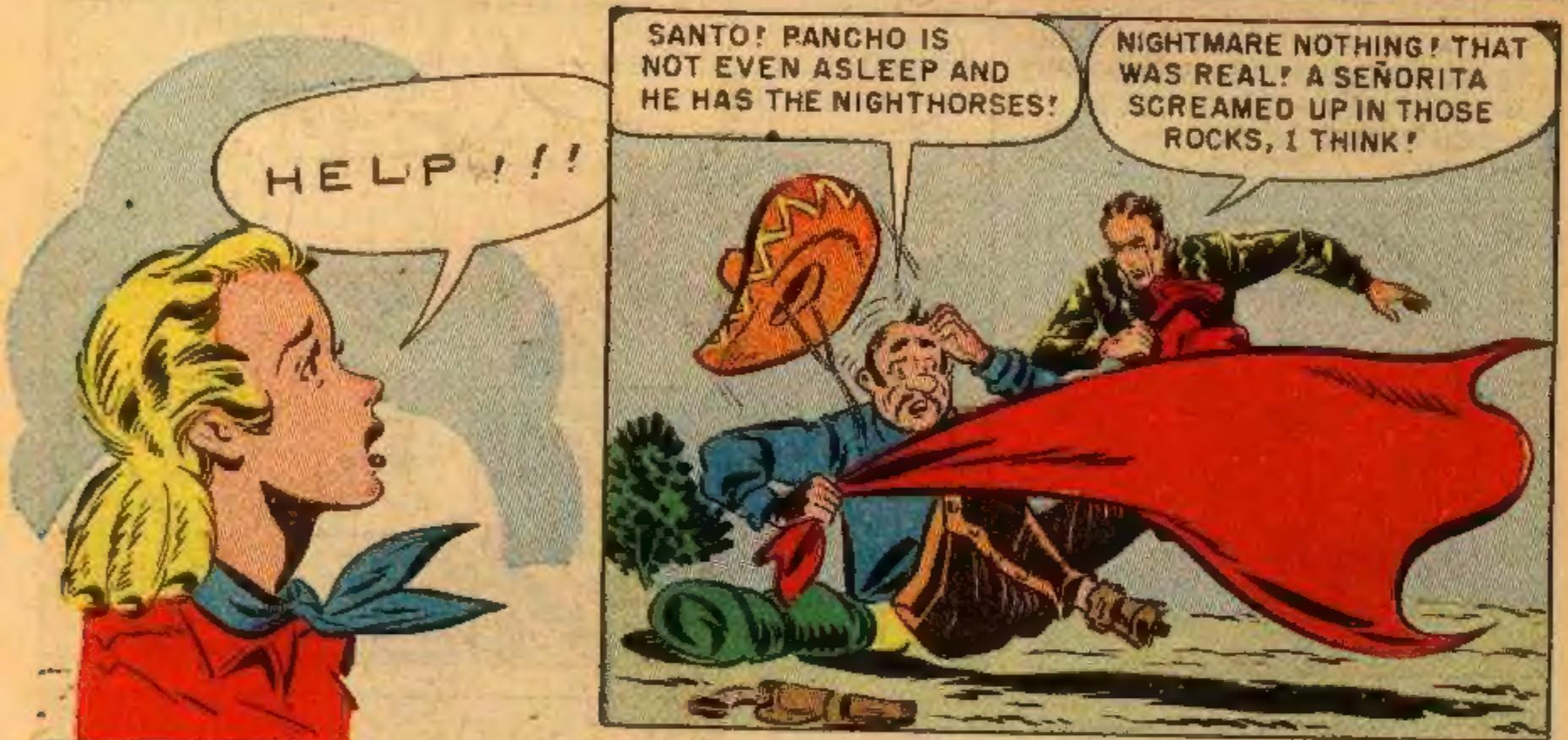


LATER...

THERE THEY ARE, ANNALEE! REMEMBER! NO TRICKS---OR YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL DO AS STEFAN SAID! NOT THAT I MIND DYING, BUT MY FATHER---





SEÑOR-I-TA!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

UP HERE -- HELP!
I'M HURT--- AND
THEY'RE ---
AFTER ME!

MADRE MIA! YOU ARE
NOT GOING TO SHOOT
HER LIKE WE SHOOT
THE HURT HORSE,
CISCO?

OF COURSE NOT! I AM
ONLY PREPARING IN
CASE THIS IS SOME
SORT OF A TRICK!



SANTO! PANCHO GOT TO
GET THIN SO HE DON'T
STICK UP SO FAR
WHEN HE DUCK!

KRRANG!

THE GUNFLASH CAME FROM
THOSE ROCKS! MAYBE---

BANG!

BANG!

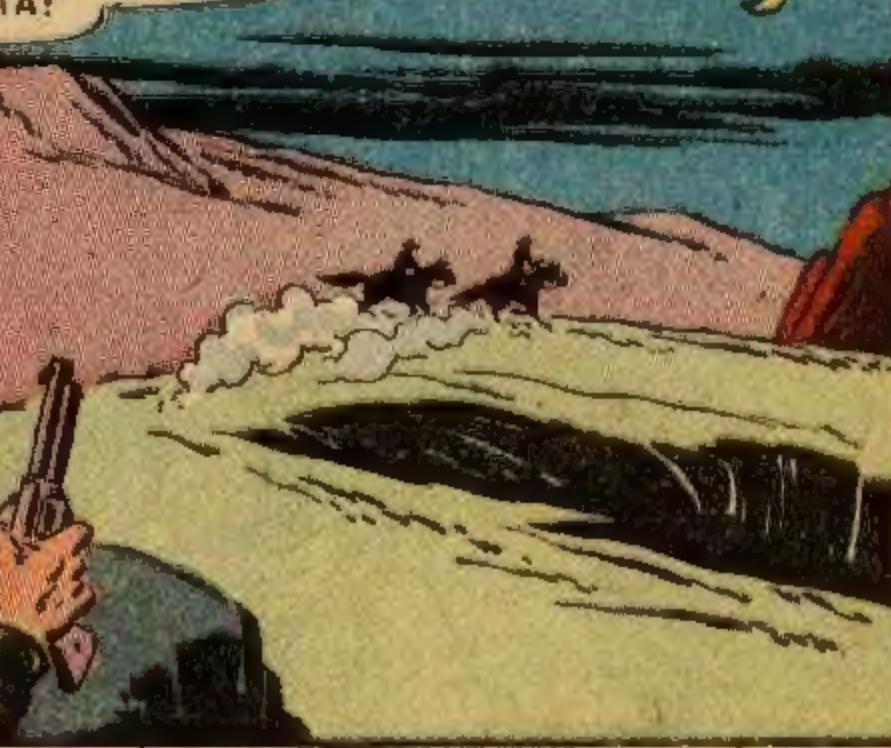
YOWP! THAT
WAS CLOSE!

PRANG!

COME ON! WE'RE CLEARIN'
OUT! THAT HOMBRE CAN SEE
TOO BLAMED WELL IN
THE DARK!

LOOK, CISCO!
TWO PEOPLES!

AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, ONE
OF THEM IS THE SCREAMING
SEÑORITA!



WHAT WE DO NOW, CISCO?

WAIT UNTIL SUNUP! AND THEN TRY TO FIND OUT WHY THAT SEÑORITA WANTED TO LURE US INTO A TRAP—

AND WHO SET THE TRAP, AND WHY? SABE, AMIGO?

NO! BUT PANCHO BET HIS LIFE IT ADD UP TO GUN-SHOOTS AND FIST-FIGHTING!



AH-EEE! WHAT PANCHO SAY? HE CANNOT AFFORD TO BET HIS LIFE! SUPPOSE HE LOSE?

DO NOT WORRY! ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG!

THEN PANCHO WILL LIVE MANY YEARS! HE WILL---

HE WILL GO TO SLEEP PRONTO, I HOPE! FOR I WILL WAKE HIM AT TWO O'CLOCK FOR HIS TURN AT GUARD!



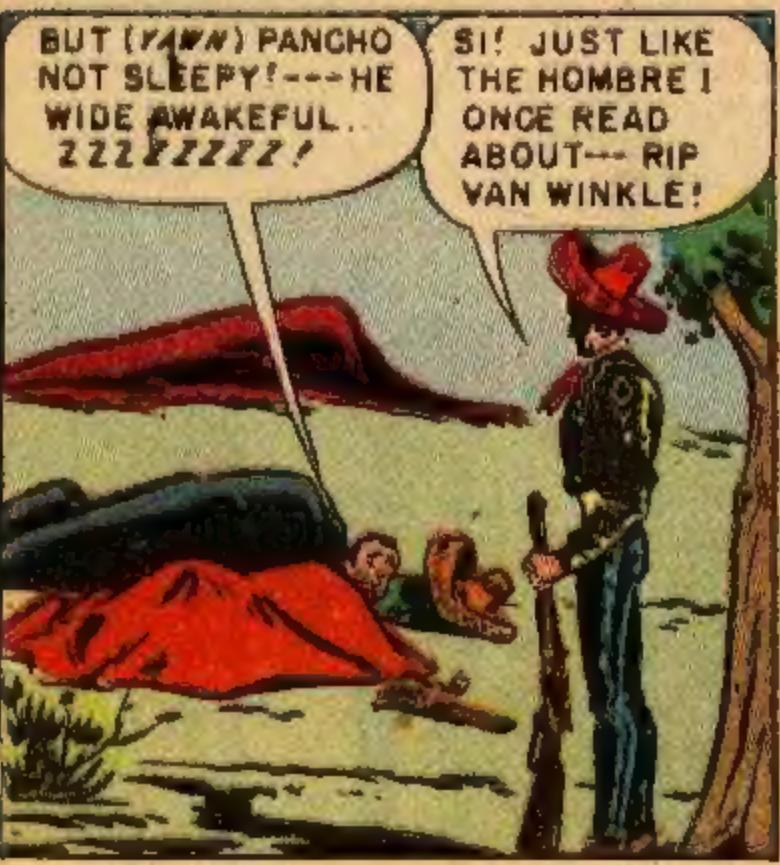
BUT (YAWN) PANCHO NOT SLEEPY! --- HE WIDE AWAKEFUL. ZZZZZZZZ!

SI! JUST LIKE THE HOMBRE I ONCE READ ABOUT-- RIP VAN WINKLE!

AN HOUR LATER...

YOU BUNGLING FOOLS! I OUGHT TO GUN DOWN BOTH OF YOU!

YOU'RE THE BUNGLER! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T GET THE BETTER OF THE CISCO KID!



YEAH? WELL, GET THIS, SISTER! EVEN THE CISCO KID CAN'T WIN OUT OVER STEFAN KOSKI! I'M SMART!

ALL MADMEN THINK THAT ABOUT THEMSELVES!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL ME LOCO!



CUT IT, STEFAN!
OR I'LL----



NEXT TIME YOU FORGET WHO'S BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT, RUDIE, YOU'LL TASTE HOT LEAD--- BUT FAST!

SORRY!
I KINDA
LOST MY
HEAD!

LUCKY IT WASN'T
YOUR LIFE! LOCK
THE GIRL UP AGAIN,
SLATS! THEN COME
BACK HERE!



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE PLANS
FOR HANDLING CISCO AND
HIS FAT PAL IF THEY GET
"NOSY, COME DAYLIGHT!"



BUT WHY HE WANT TO
KILL US IN THE FIRST
PLACE? OR THE
LAST PLACE? OR---

PANCHO! LOOK!
THE TRACKS OF
TWO HORSES! WE
WILL FOLLOW THEM!



SUNUP...

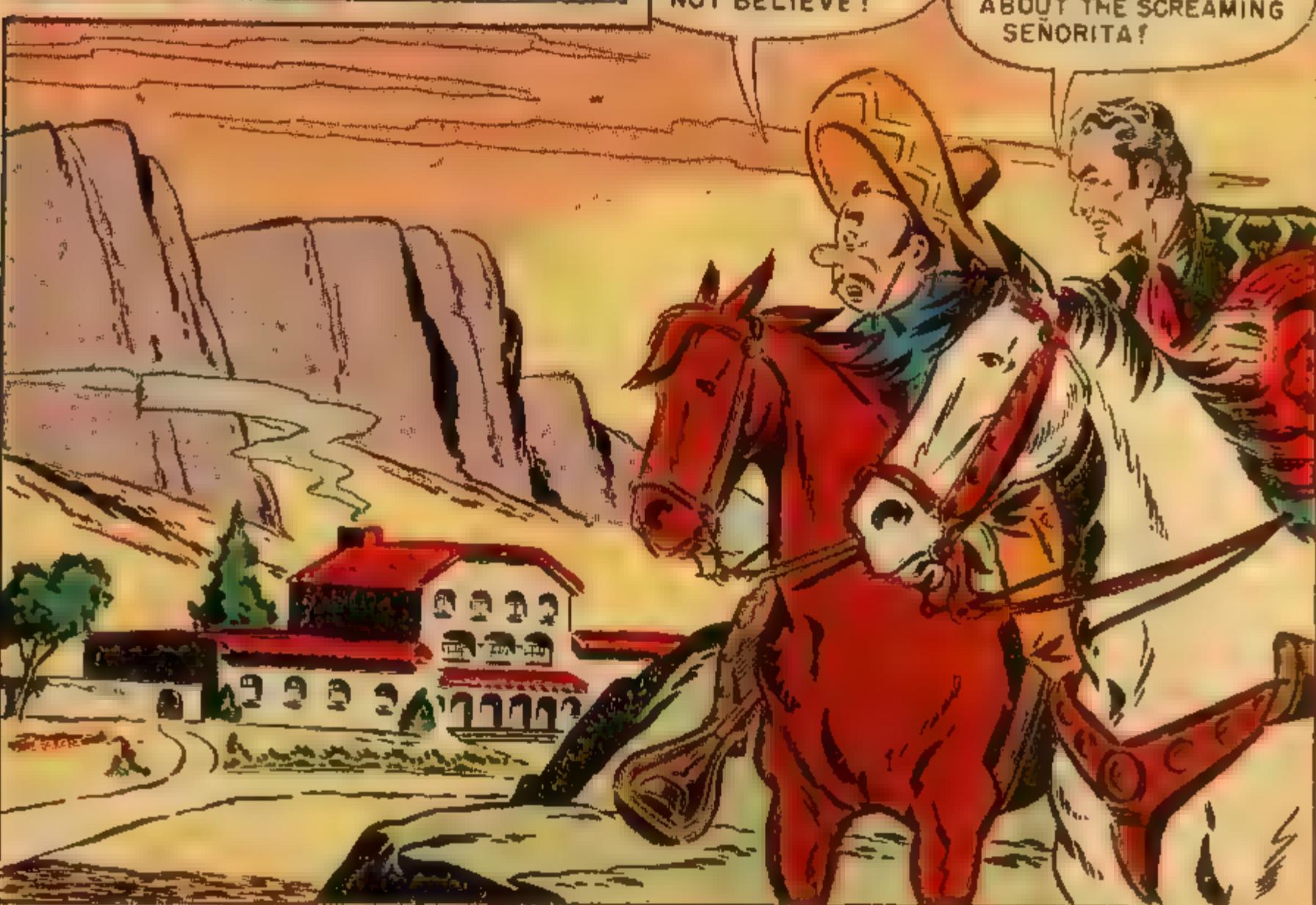
CISCO! WHY WE
MAKE LIKE FLIES
CLIMBING THE WALL?
WHY WE NOT GO
THROUGH THE
CANYON?

BECAUSE WHOEVER
IS AFTER US WILL
EXPECT US THAT
WAY! HE HAS HAD
ALL NIGHT TO SET
A TRAP FOR US!



MADRE MIA! A
PALACE! PANCHO
SEE, BUT HE DO
NOT BELIEVE!

IT IS INCREDIBLE,
AMIGO! NOW I AM MORE
CURIOS THAN EVER
ABOUT THE SCREAMING
SEÑORITA!



PULL UP, PANCHO!
WE WILL GO AHEAD
FROM HERE ON FOOT!

AI-EEE! PANCHO NOT
LIKE THAT! EVERY
TIME HE GO ON FOOT,
HE GO DAB-SMACK
INTO TROUBLE!

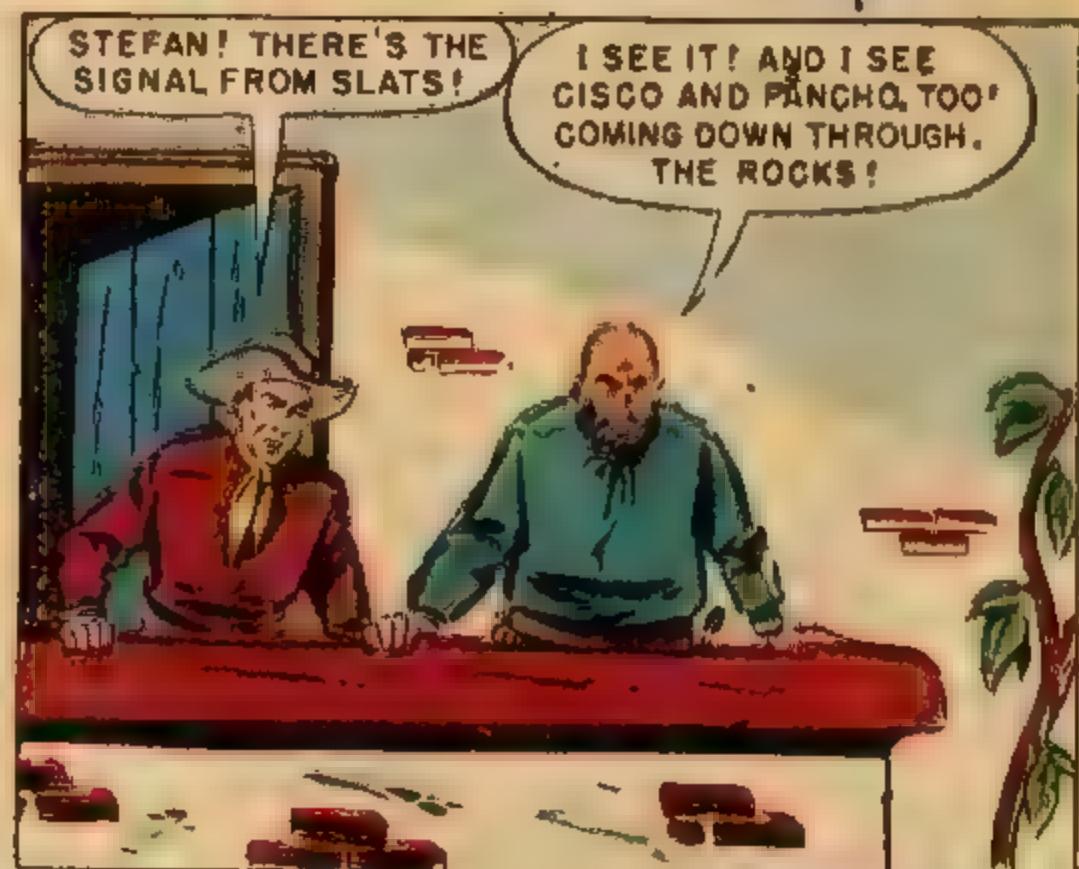
IT'S THEM! STEFAN WAS
RIGHT! THEY DIDN'T TAKE
THE CANYON TRAIL!



HOPE THEY'RE WATCHIN'
FOR THESE SIGNAL FLASHES
AT THE HOUSE!

STEFAN! THERE'S THE
SIGNAL FROM SLATS!

I SEE IT! AND I SEE
GISCO AND PANCHO, TOO!
COMING DOWN THROUGH
THE ROCKS!



WE COULD PICK 'EM OFF EASY
FROM HERE WITH RIFLES!

NO! I'VE DECIDED I WANT
THEM ALIVE! IT'S IMPORTANT
TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH THEY KNOW
AND WHO SENT THEM HERE!

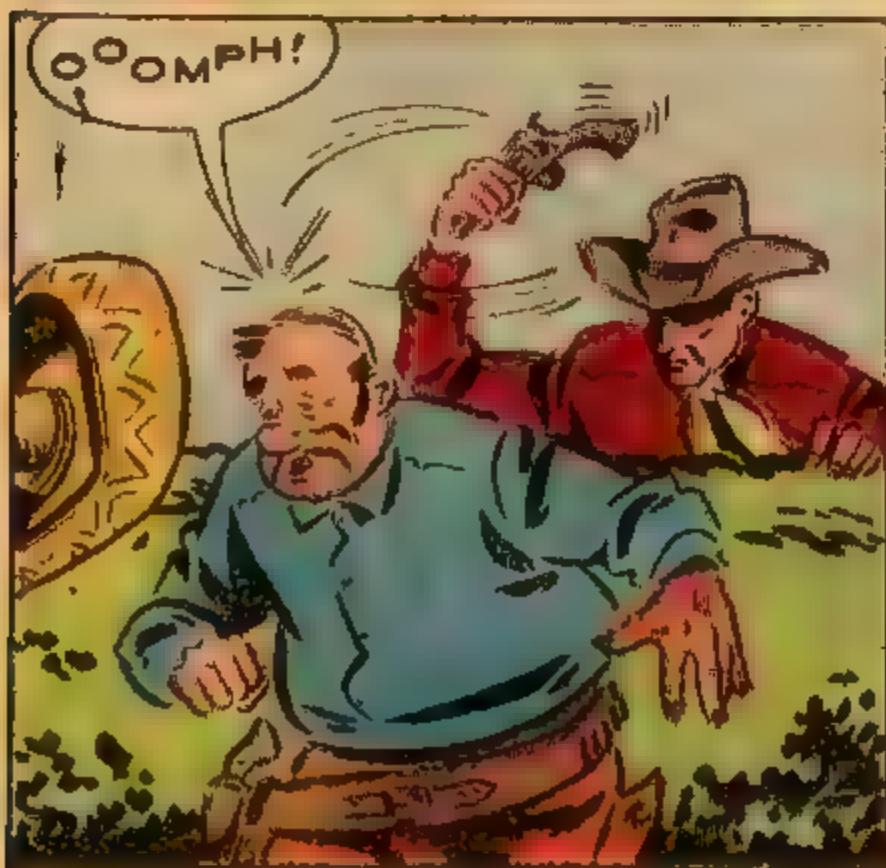
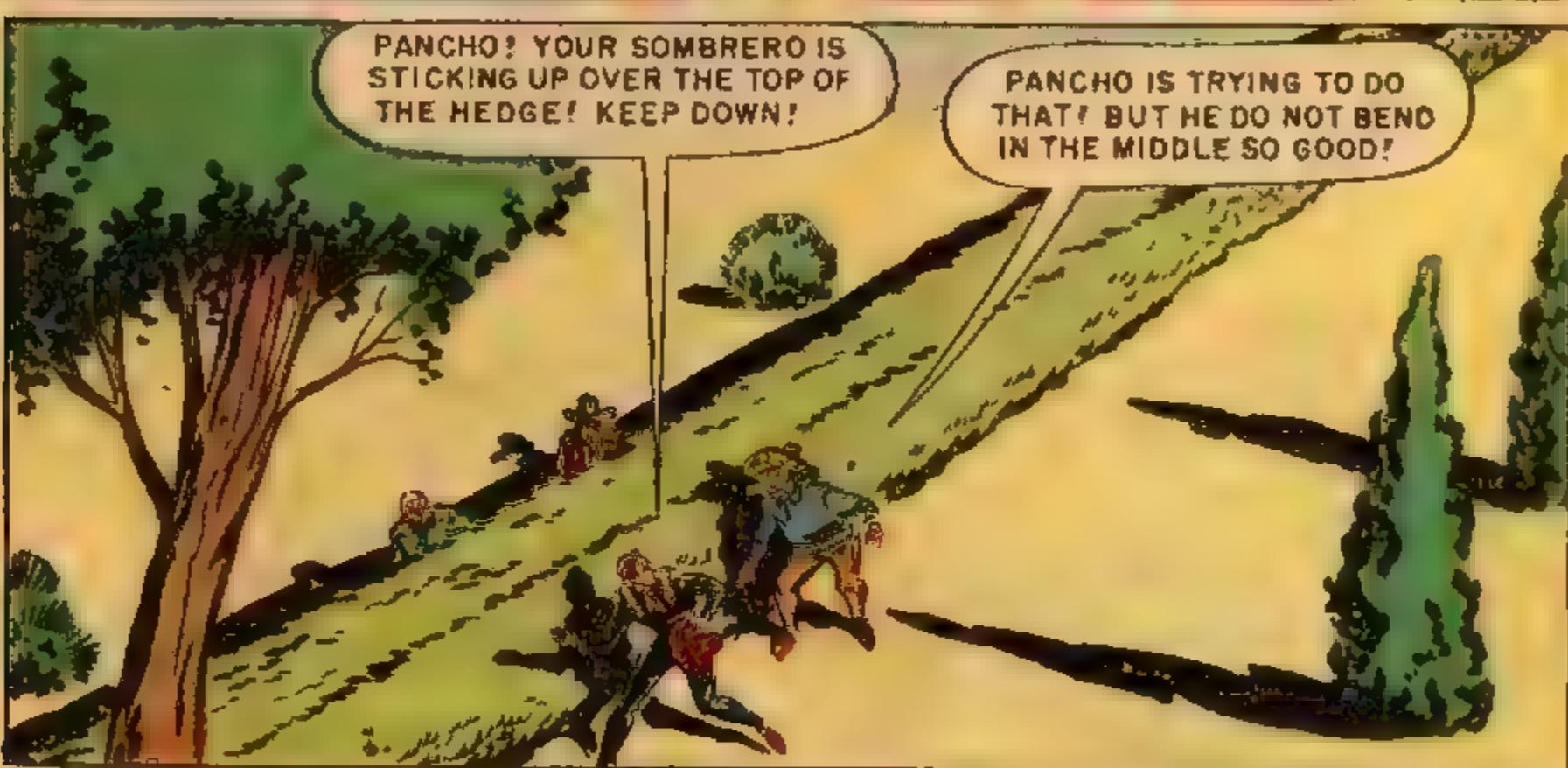
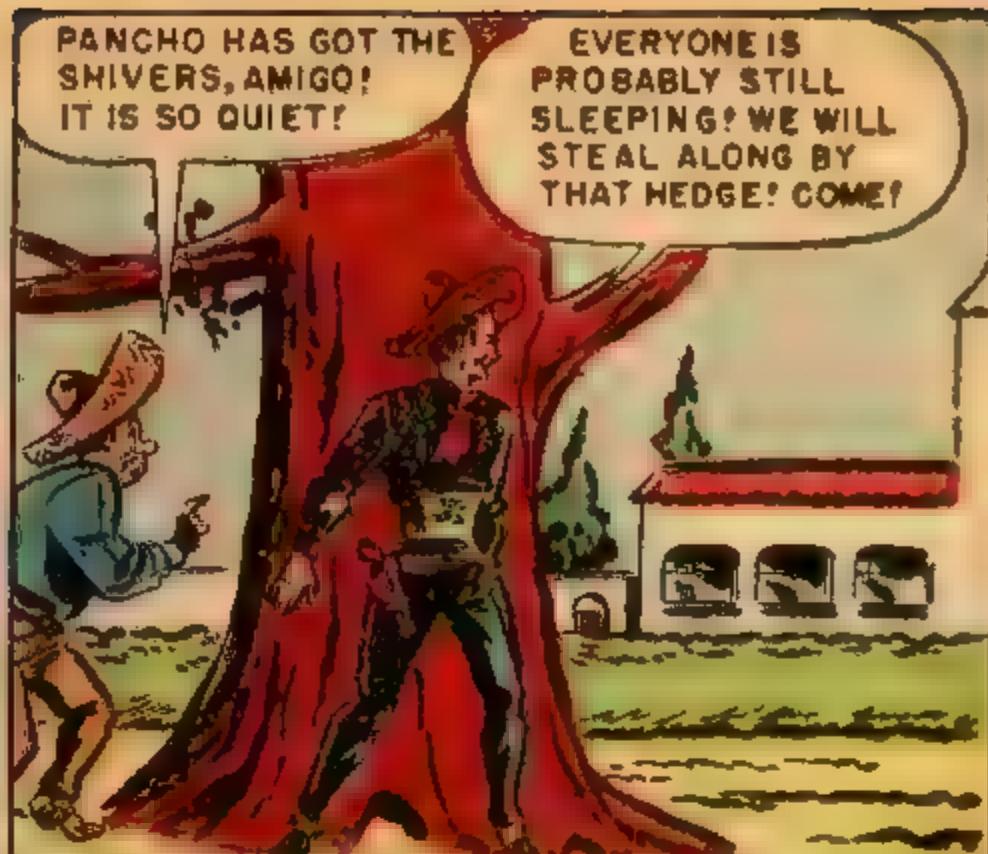


YOU TAKE PANCHO,
RUDIE! I'LL HANDLE
CISCO!

OKAY!

PANCHO HAS GOT THE
SHIVERS, AMIGO!
IT IS SO QUIET!

EVERYONE IS
PROBABLY STILL
SLEEPING! WE WILL
STEAL ALONG BY
THAT HEDGE! COME!



GRAB FOR THE
SKY, CISCO!
YOU'RE COVERED!



WANT ME TO GET
HIS GUN, BOSS?

NO! I'LL HANDLE HIM! YOU
DISARM THAT FAT HOMBRE
AND GET HIM INTO THE
HOUSE! LOCK HIM UP!

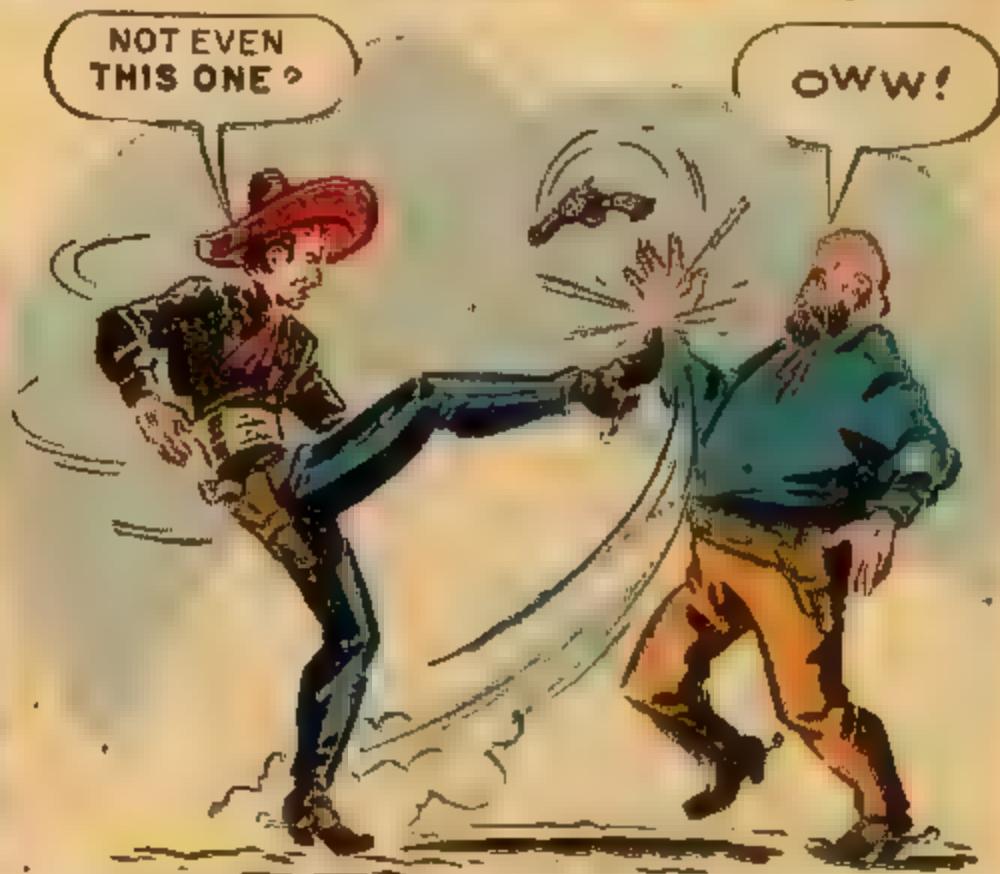


OKAY, CISCO! BACK
UP---SLOW-LIKE!
AND NO TRICKS!



NOT EVEN
THIS ONE?

OWW!

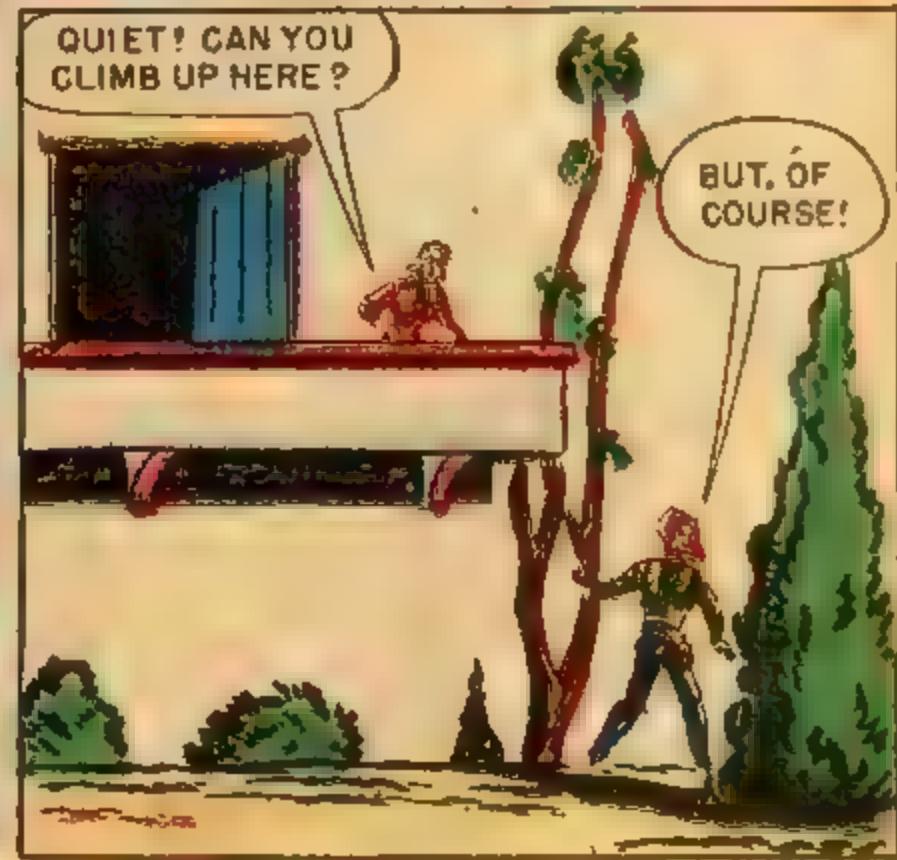
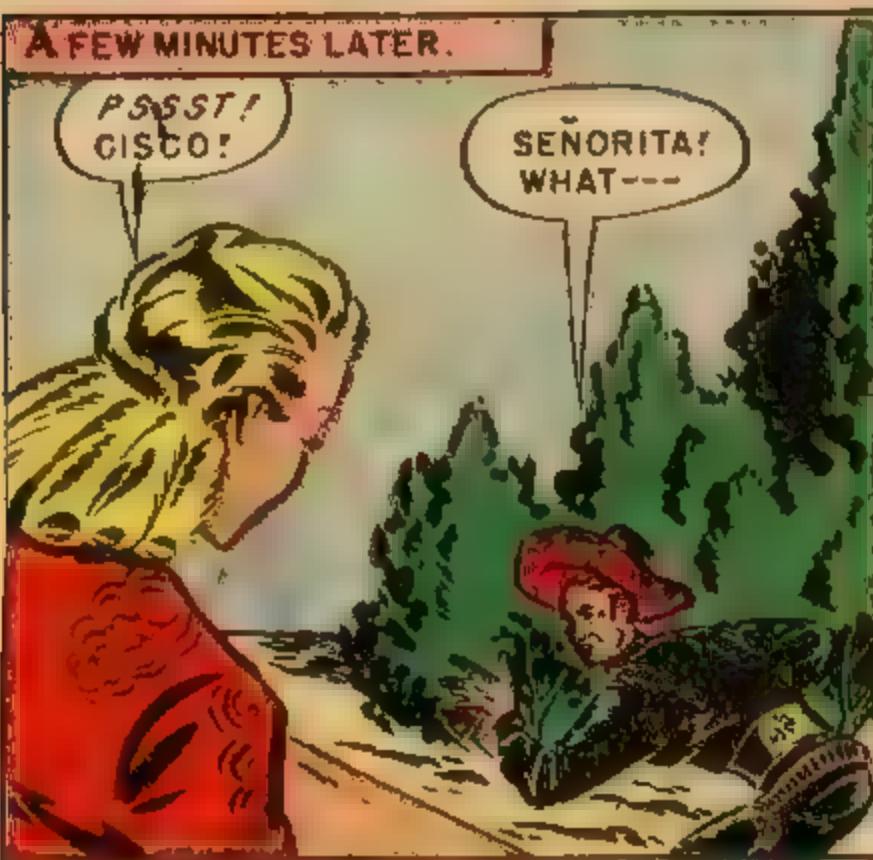
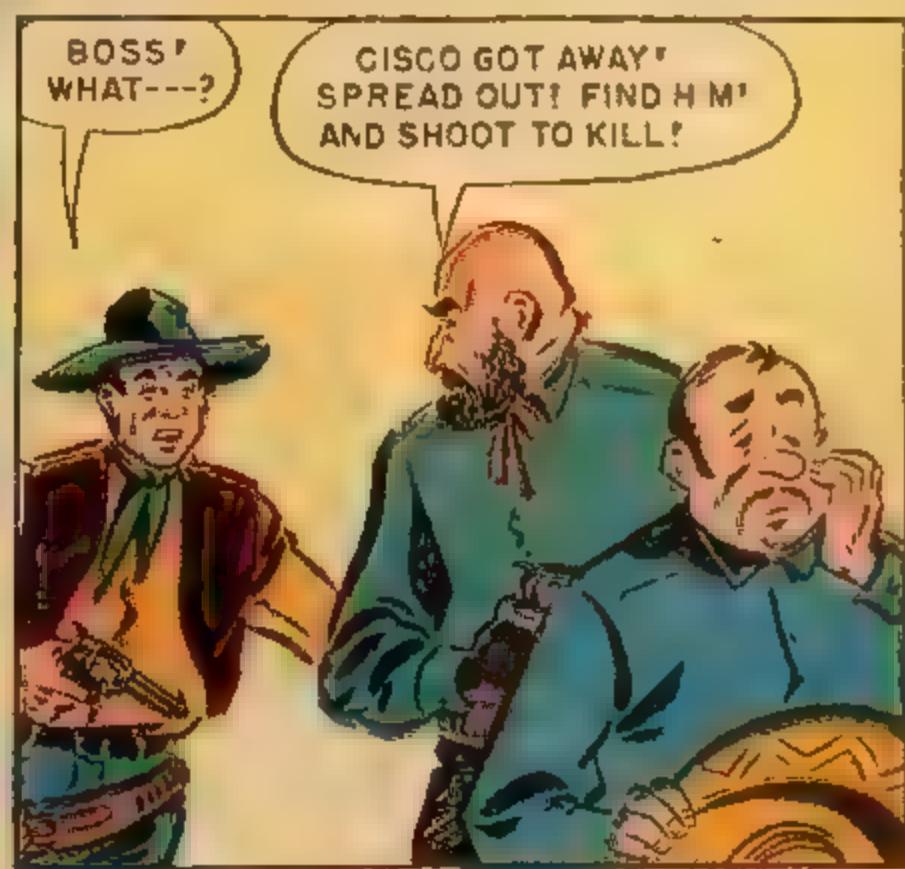
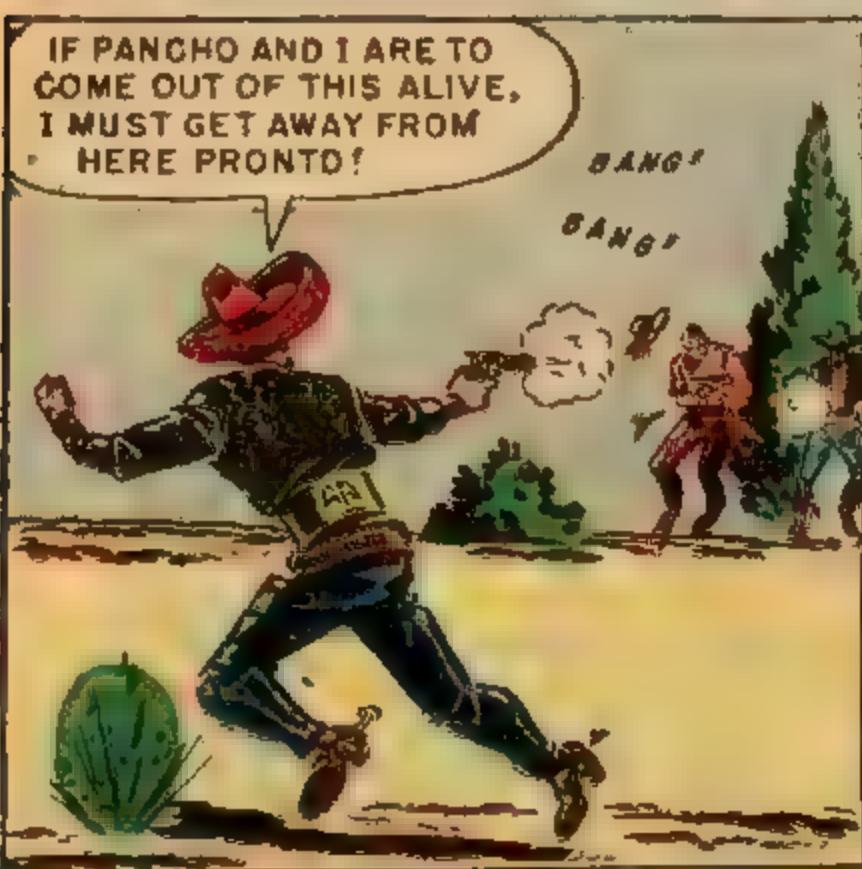
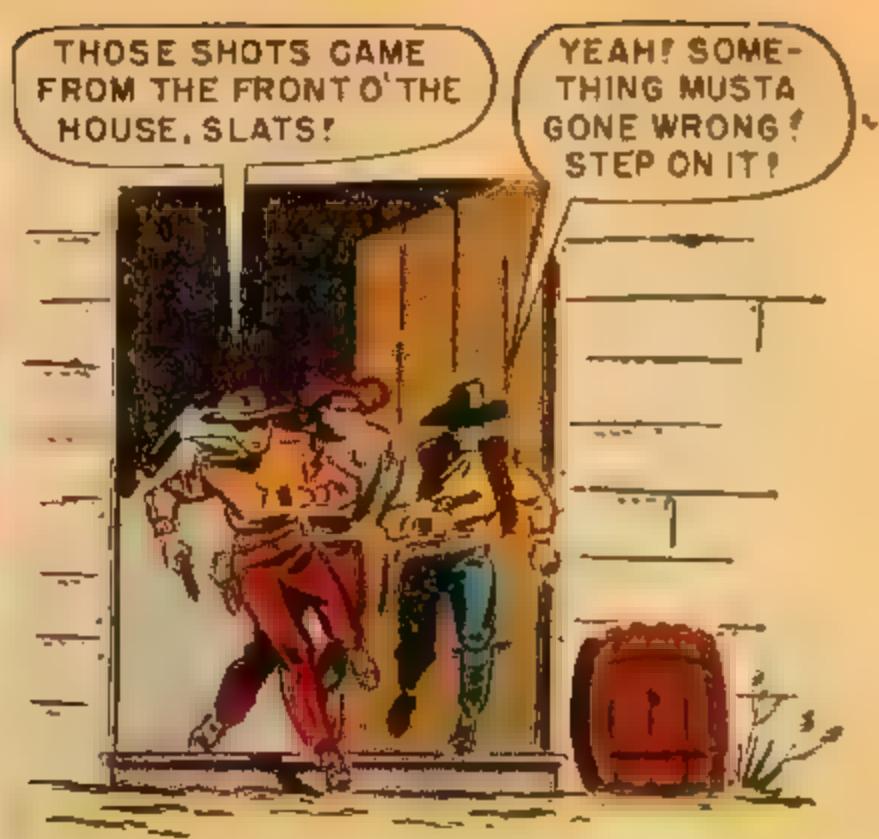


RUDIE!
AT HIM!



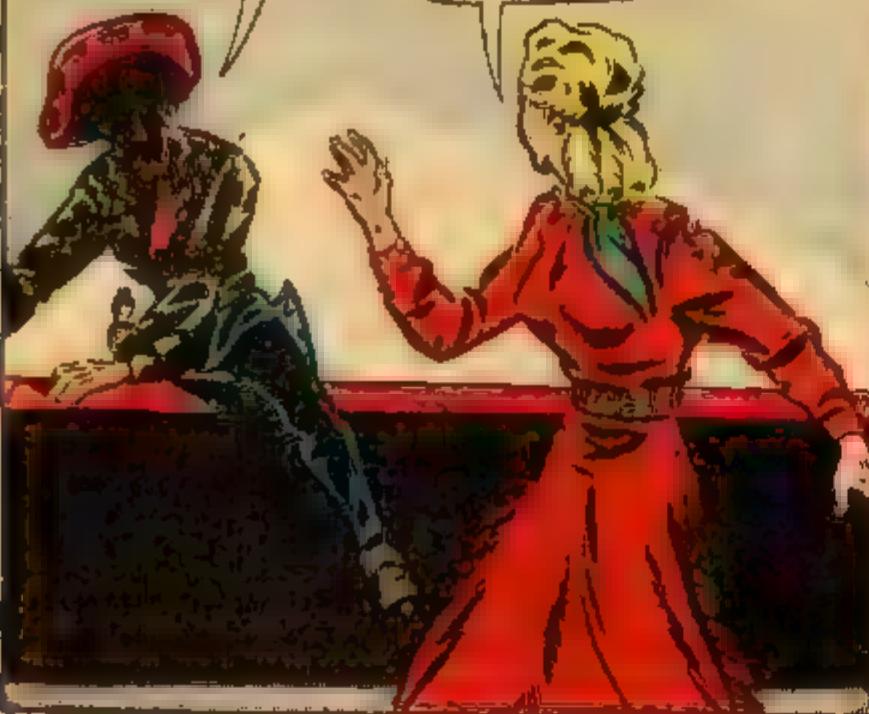
BLAM!





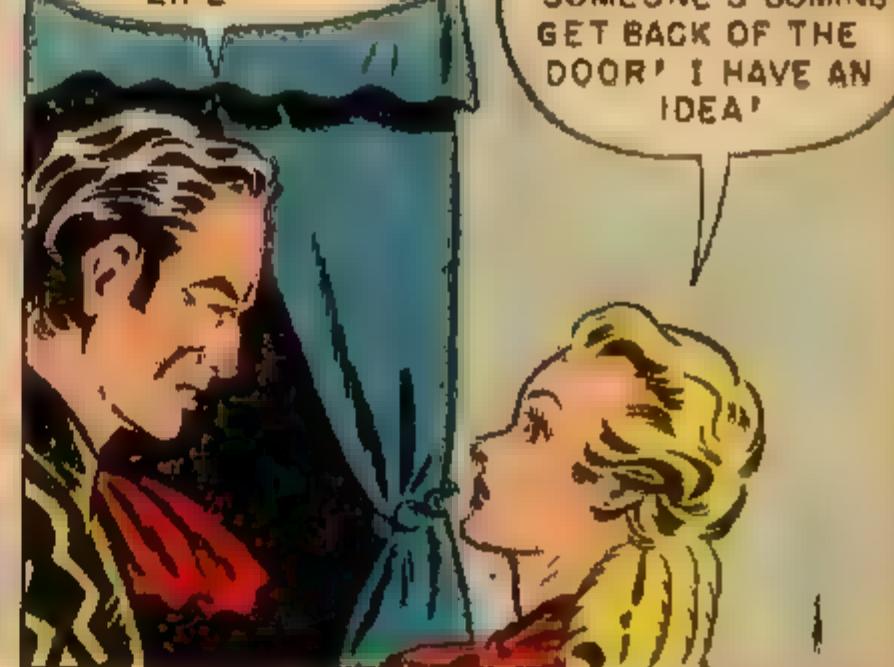
HERE I AM! AND
NOW, SEÑORITA—

COME INSIDE! HURRY!
THEY WILL KILL YOU
ON SIGHT!



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
LAST NIGHT YOU SCREAMED
TO LURE ME INTO A TRAP!
TODAY YOU SAVE MY
LIFE!

THERE'S NO
TIME TO
EXPLAIN NOW!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
GET BACK OF THE
DOOR! I HAVE AN
IDEA!



HELP!
MURDER!

ANNALEE! WHAT
IN BLAZES ARE YOU
SCREAMING ABOUT?

SHE SCREAMED TO
BAIT A TRAP---FOR
YOU THIS TIME,
SEÑOR!

CISCO?

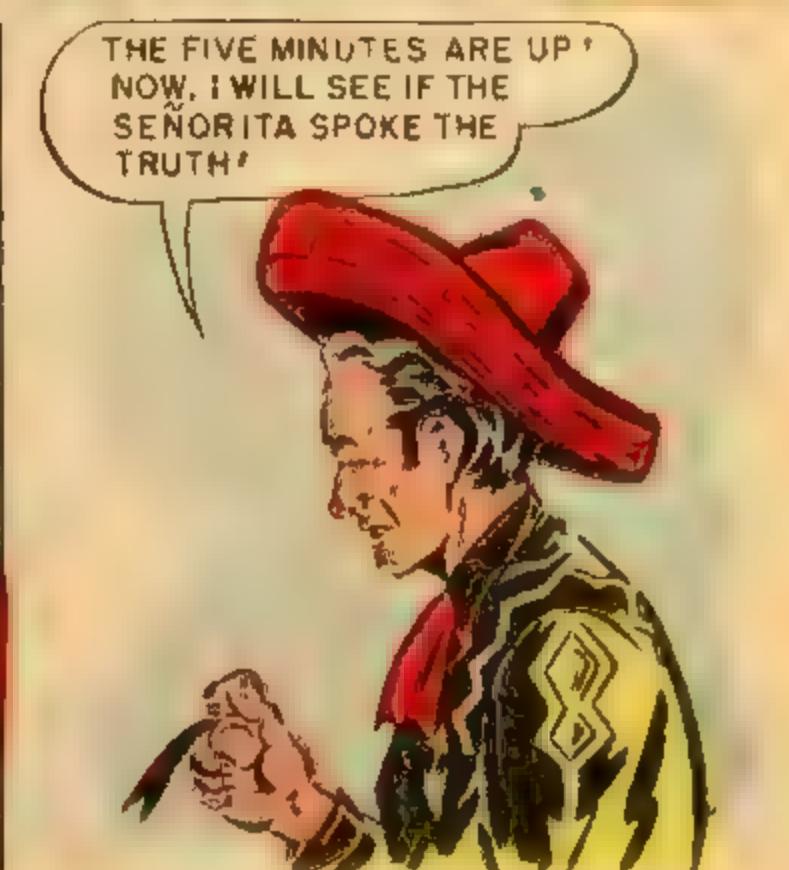
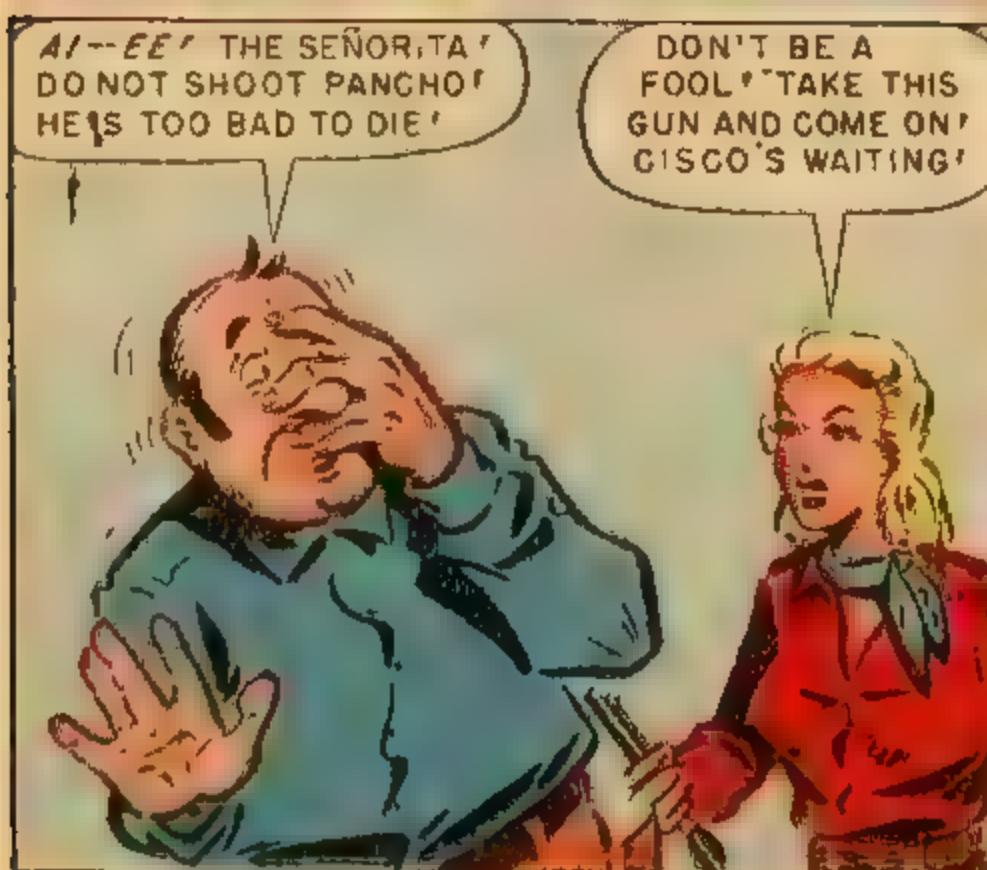
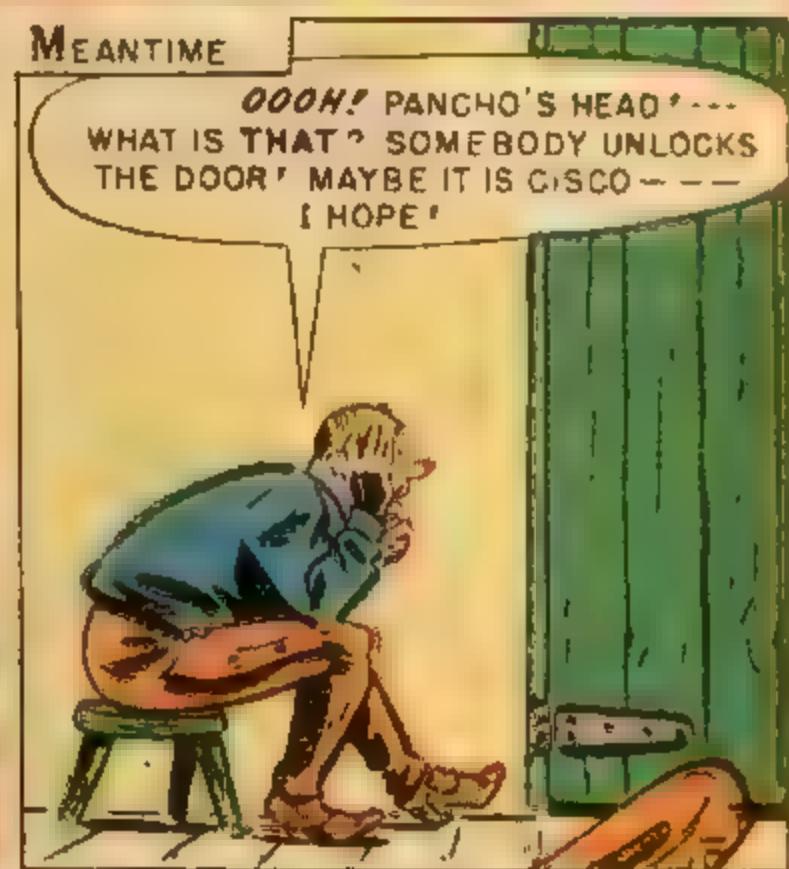
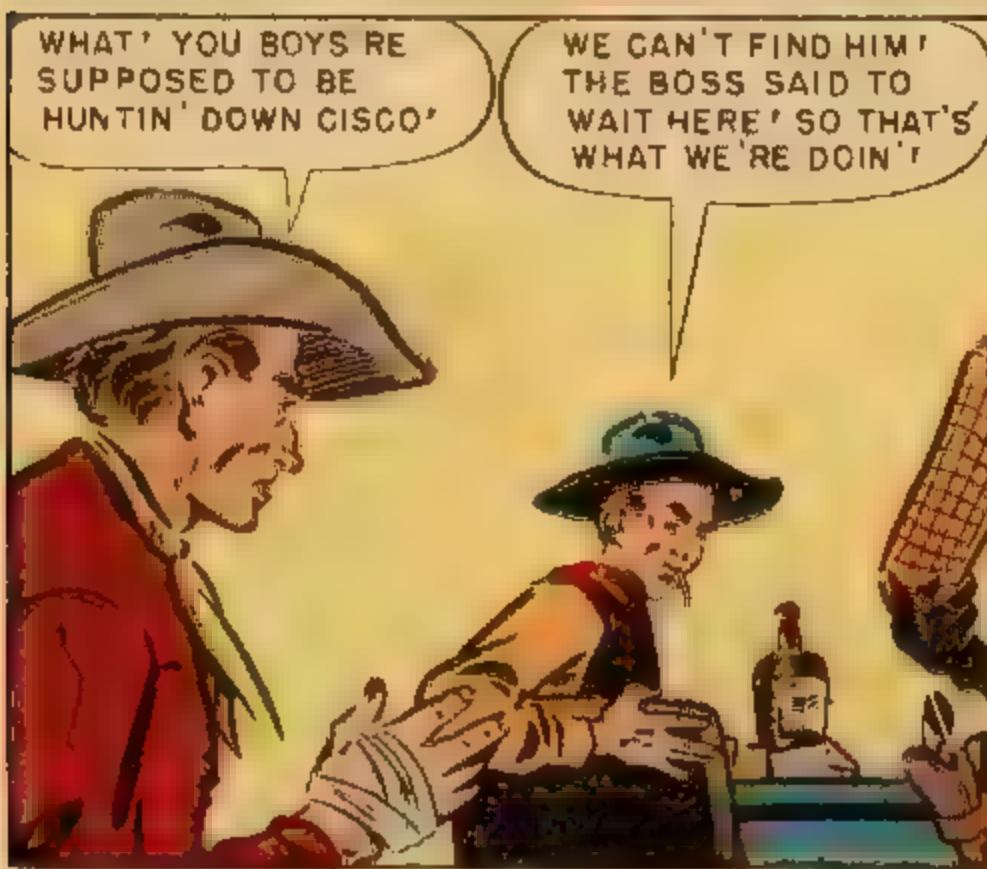
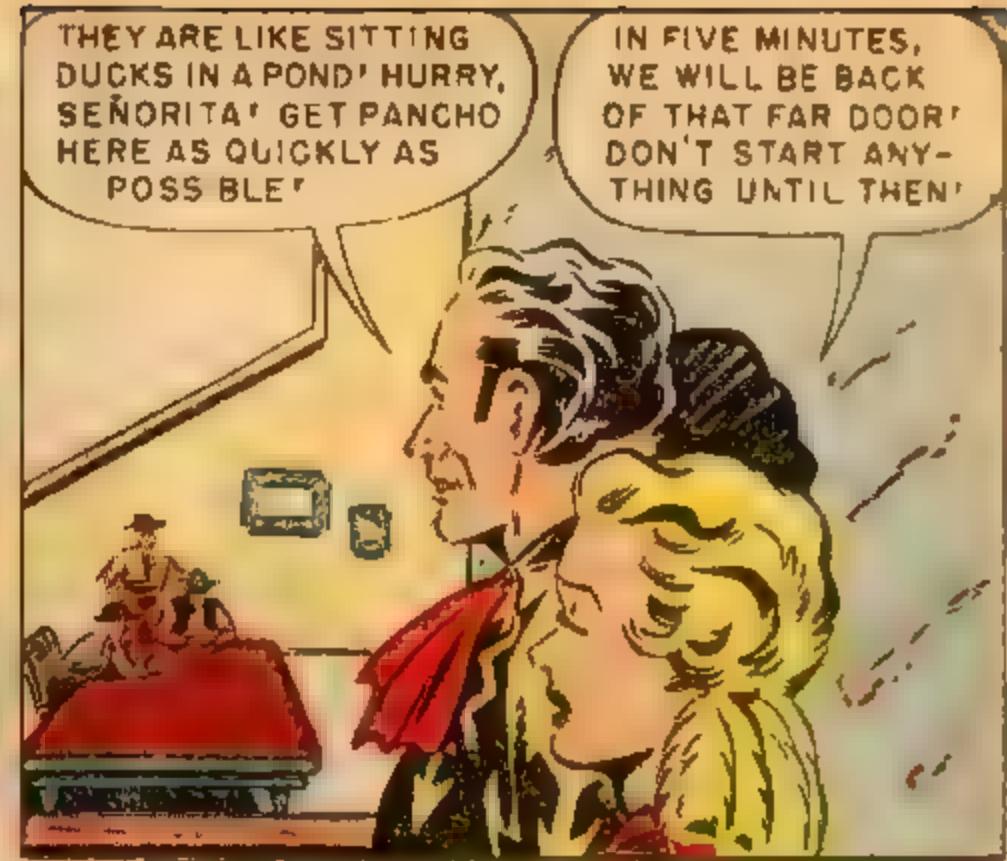
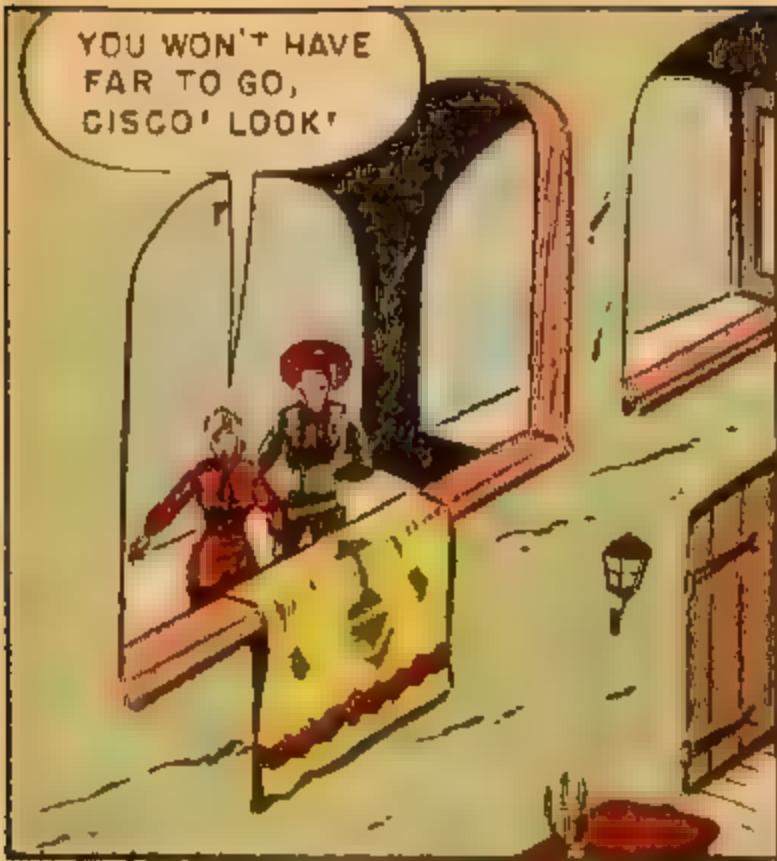


TWO MINUTES LATER...

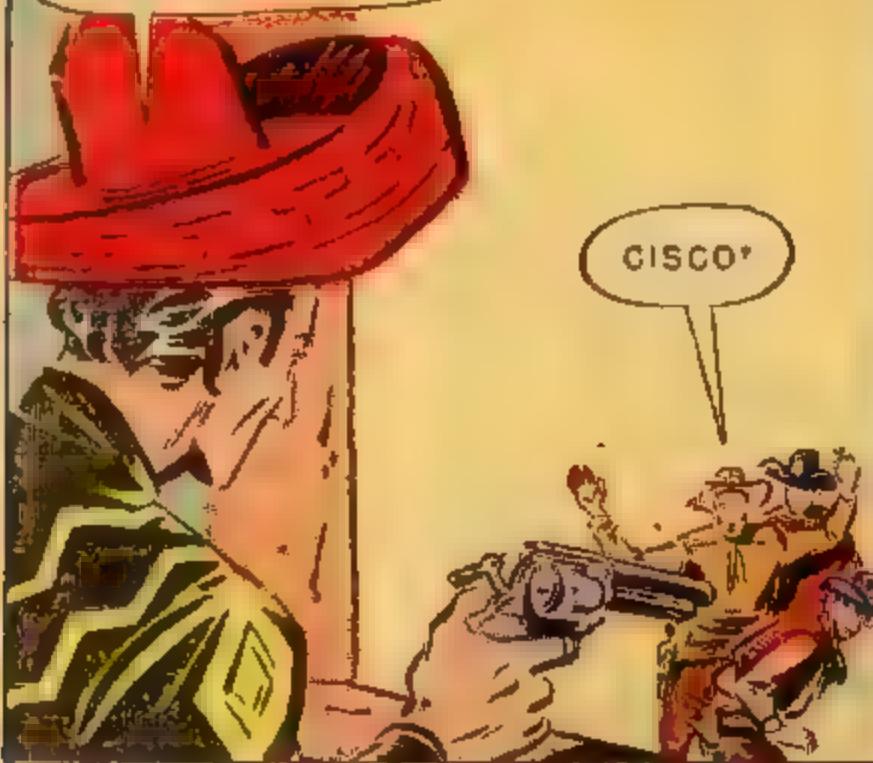
I'LL FIND PANCHO,
CISCO!

AND I WILL FIND
THE OTHER HOMBRES!





REACH, HOMBRES! OR
YOU WILL ALL DIE!



CISCO!

DON'T SHOOT!
WE GIVE UP!

YOU AIN'T TAKIN'
ME IN, CISCO?

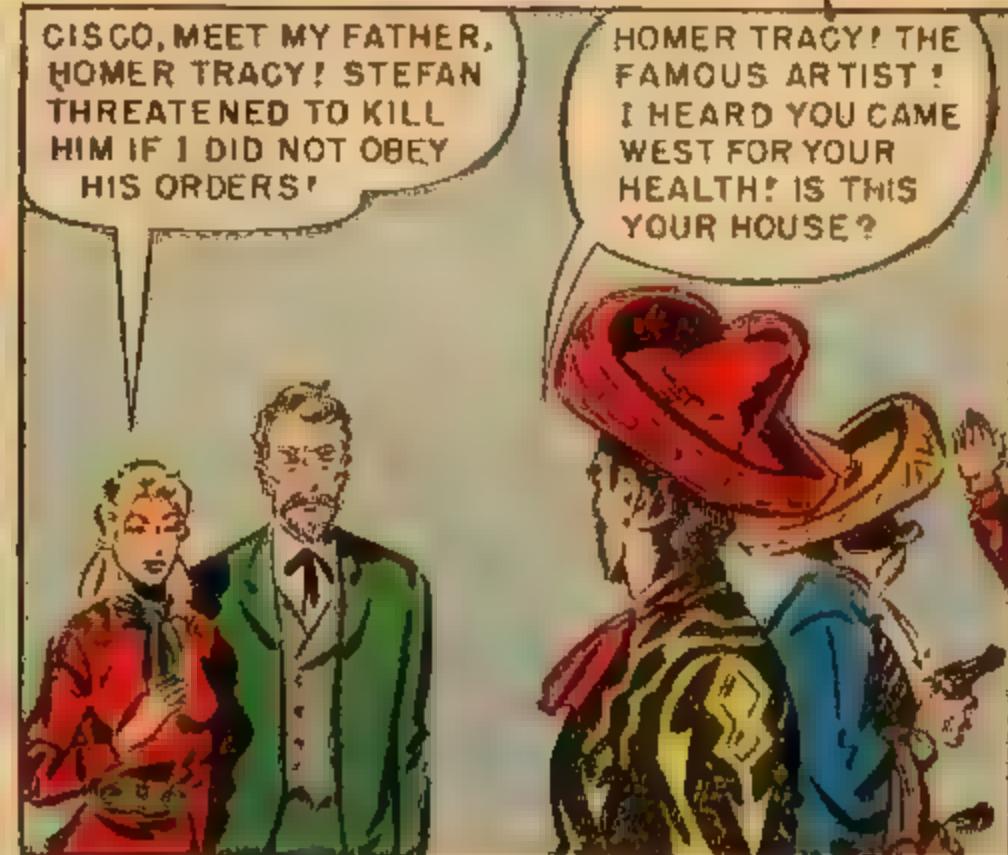


NO! BUT
PANCHO IS!



CISCO, MEET MY FATHER,
HOMER TRACY! STEFAN
THREATENED TO KILL
HIM IF I DID NOT OBEY
HIS ORDERS!

HOMER TRACY! THE
FAMOUS ARTIST!
I HEARD YOU CAME
WEST FOR YOUR
HEALTH! IS THIS
YOUR HOUSE?



YES! STEFAN SEIZED IT
LAST WEEK! HE'S A
NOTORIOUS COINTER-
FEITER! HE TRIED TO
FORCE ME TO DRAW
PLATES FOR HIM!

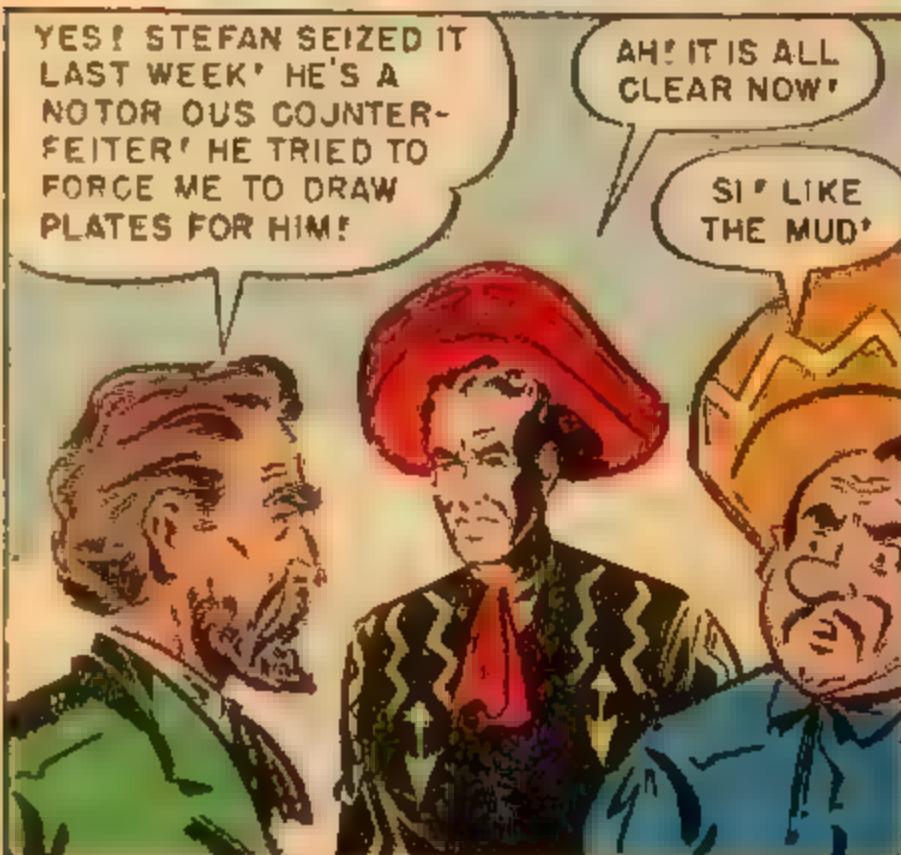
AH! IT IS ALL
CLEAR NOW!

SI! LIKE
THE MUD!

LATER, IN PIÑON WOODS.

I CAN'T GET OVER IT,
CISCO? THAT'S THE
GANG I WANTED YOU
AN' PANCHO TO HELP
ME CATCH!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT,
CISCO? WE
PUNCH SEÑOR
SHERIFF TO
THE BEAT!



the
**CISCO
KID**
AND THE
**ROBBERS
OF BLACK
BOOT**

THIS MORNING, THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO ARE RIDING THROUGH THE SIERRA NEVADA FOOTHILLS.

OH, CISCO! SUCH A FUNNY HOUSE! BUILDED OVER THE WATER!

THAT IS NOT A HOUSE, PANCHO — BUT A COVERED BRIDGE, AS YOU WILL SEE WHEN WE RIDE OVER IT!

OVER IT, CISCO! WE ARE NOT GOING TO CLIMB THOSE BIG MOUNTAINS BEHIND?

YES! BUT ONLY UP AS FAR AS INDIAN PASS!

HUMPH! IF PANCHO BE MOUNTAIN GOAT, HE NEED FOOD! THERE IS A CAFÉ! WE STOP, NO?

NO! IT IS ONLY TWO HOURS SINCE LUNCH! SURELY YOU CANNOT BE HUNGRY!

PANCHO IS ALWAYS HUNGRY, CISCO!

I AM SORRY AMIGO! BUT TO REACH BLACK BOOT BEFORE SUNDOWN, WE MUST KEEP RIDING!

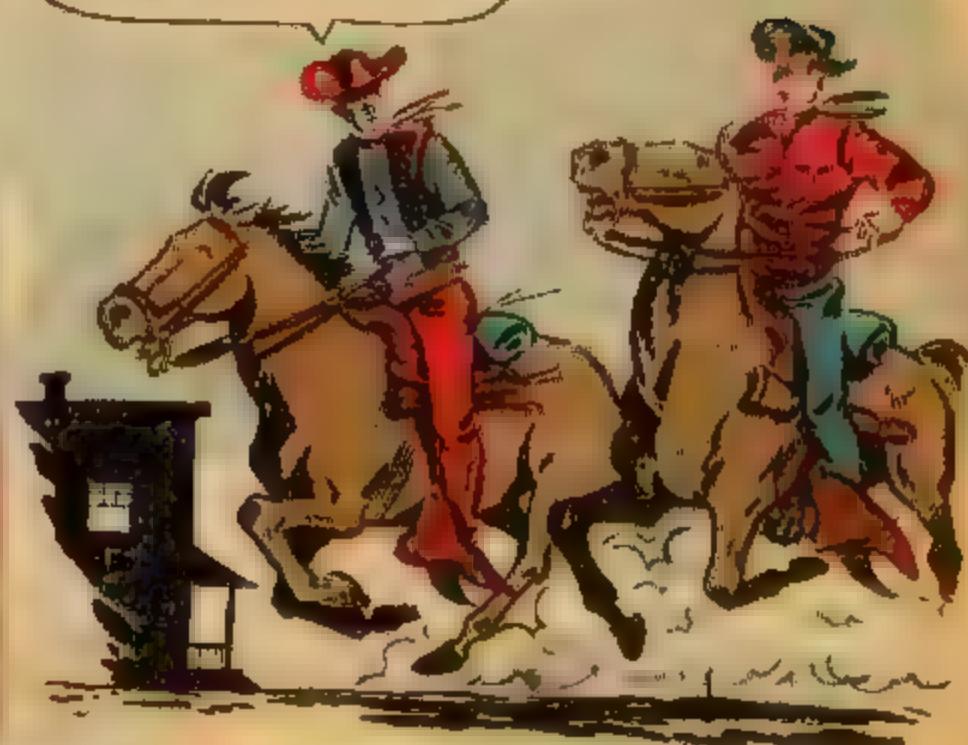
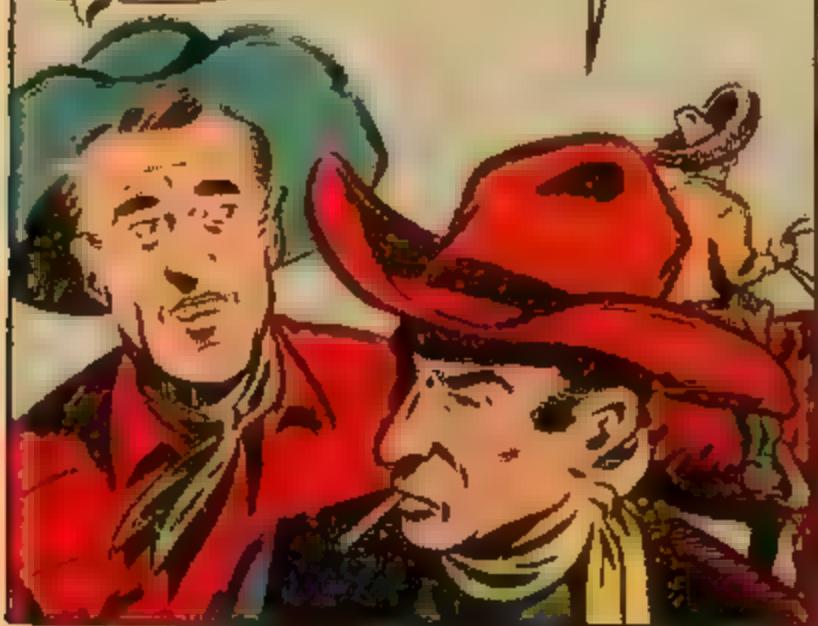
MOUNTAIN
VIEW
CAFE



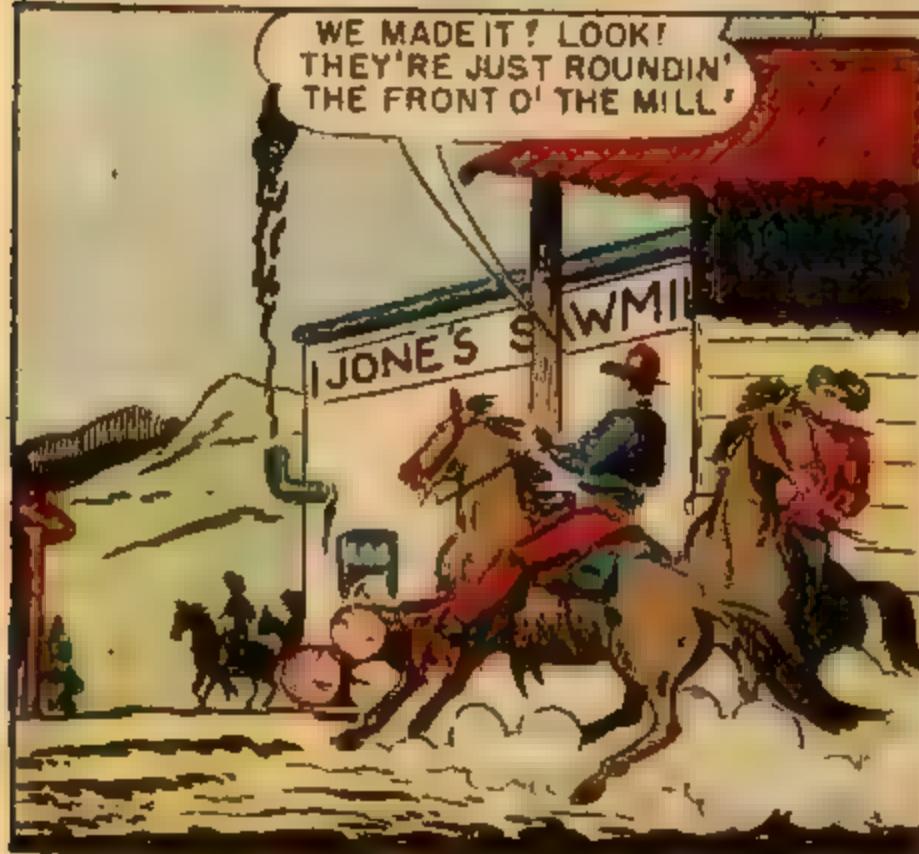
LOOKS LIKE LEFTY GOT THE STRAIGHT DOPE FROM SHERIFF ROGERS' DEPUTY! THAT'S THEM, KANSAS!

YEAH! LET'S GO!

RATTLE YOUR HOCKE, SNICK! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH 'EM THIS SIDE O' THE BRIDGE!



WE MADE IT! LOOK! THEY'RE JUST ROUNDIN' THE FRONT O' THE MILL!



CISCO, WHAT NAME THEY CALL THIS RIVER?

THE STANISLAUS! IT IS ONE OF THE LARGEST AND RICHEST GOLD-BEARING RIVERS IN CALIFORNIA!



MADRE MIA! BUSH-GULCHERS!

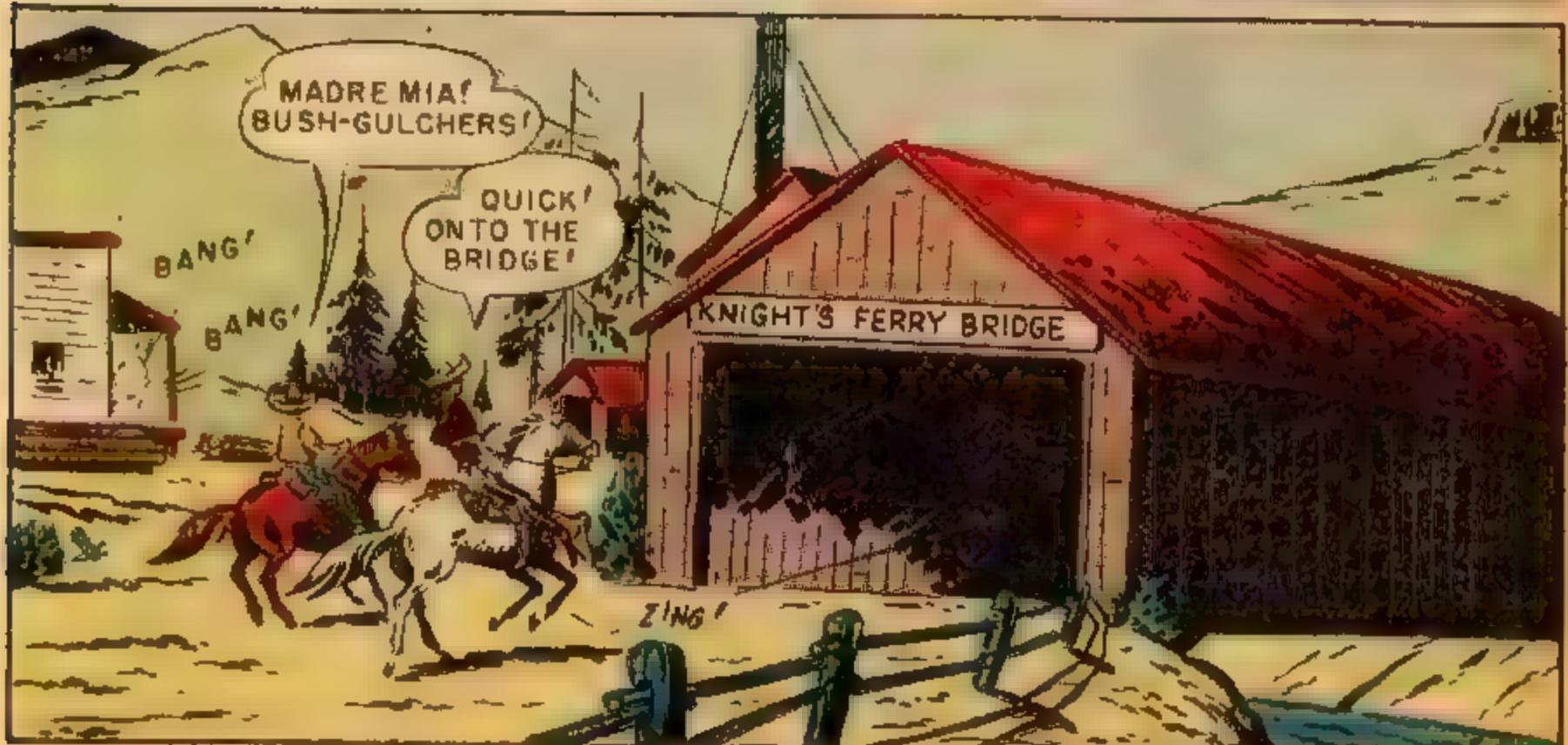
QUICK! ONTO THE BRIDGE!

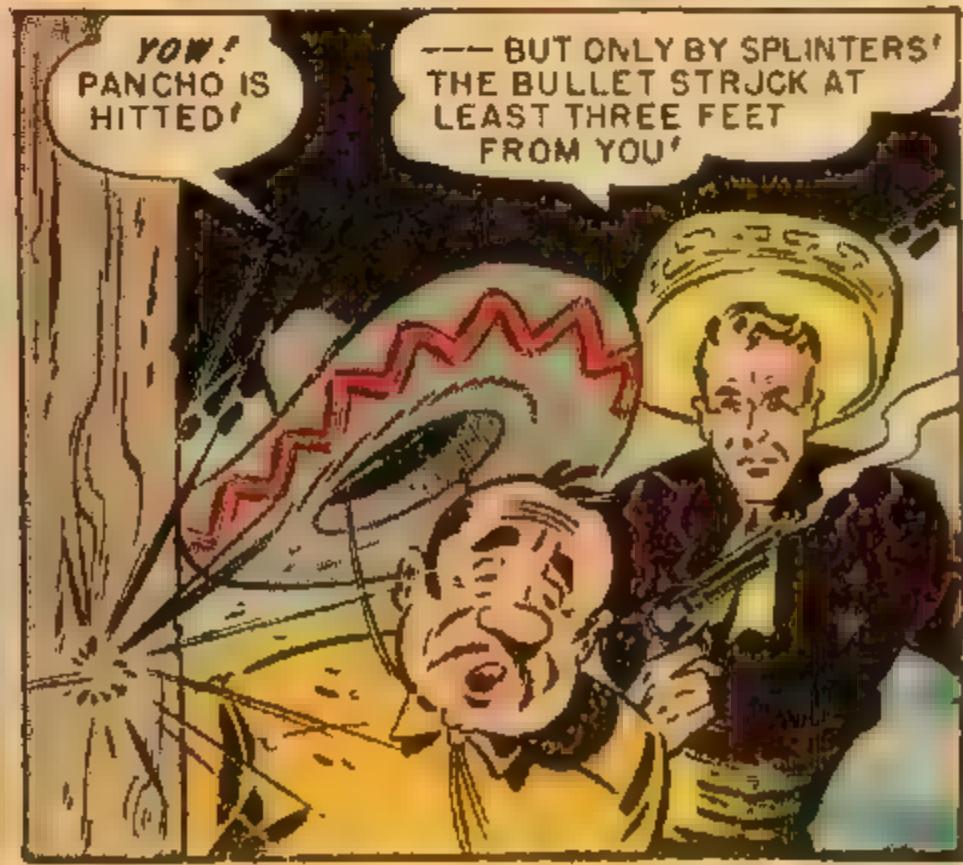
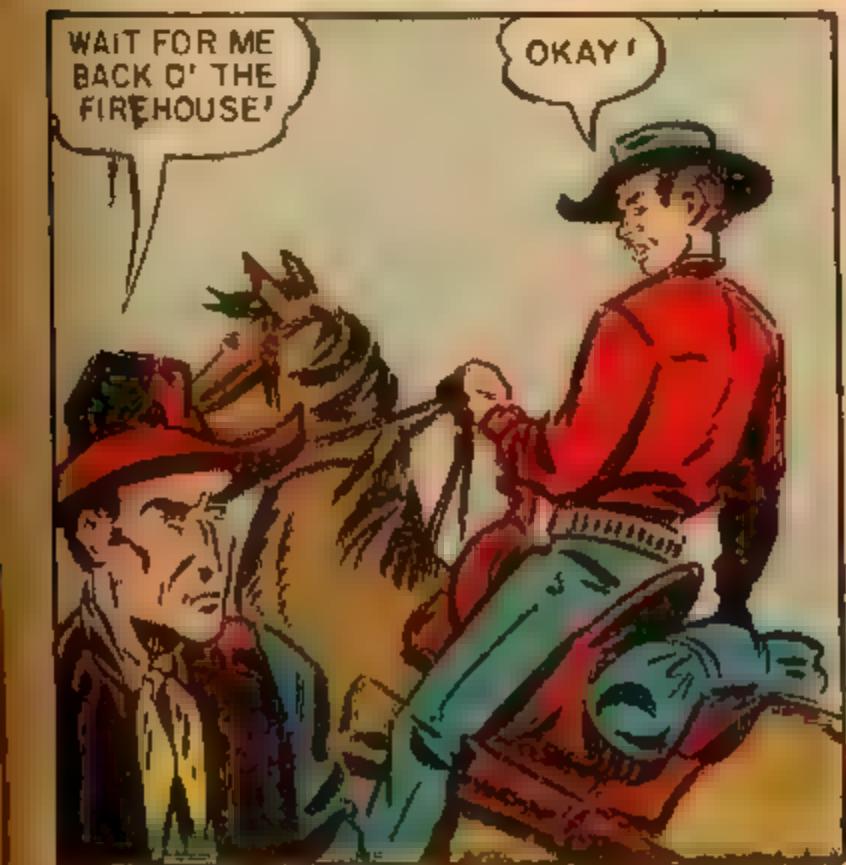
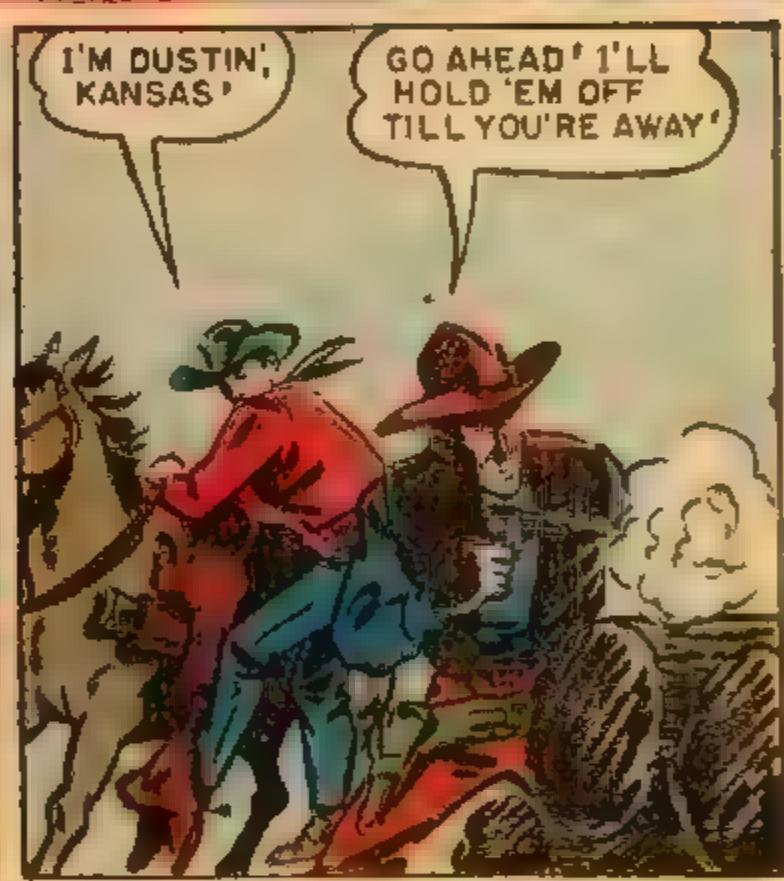
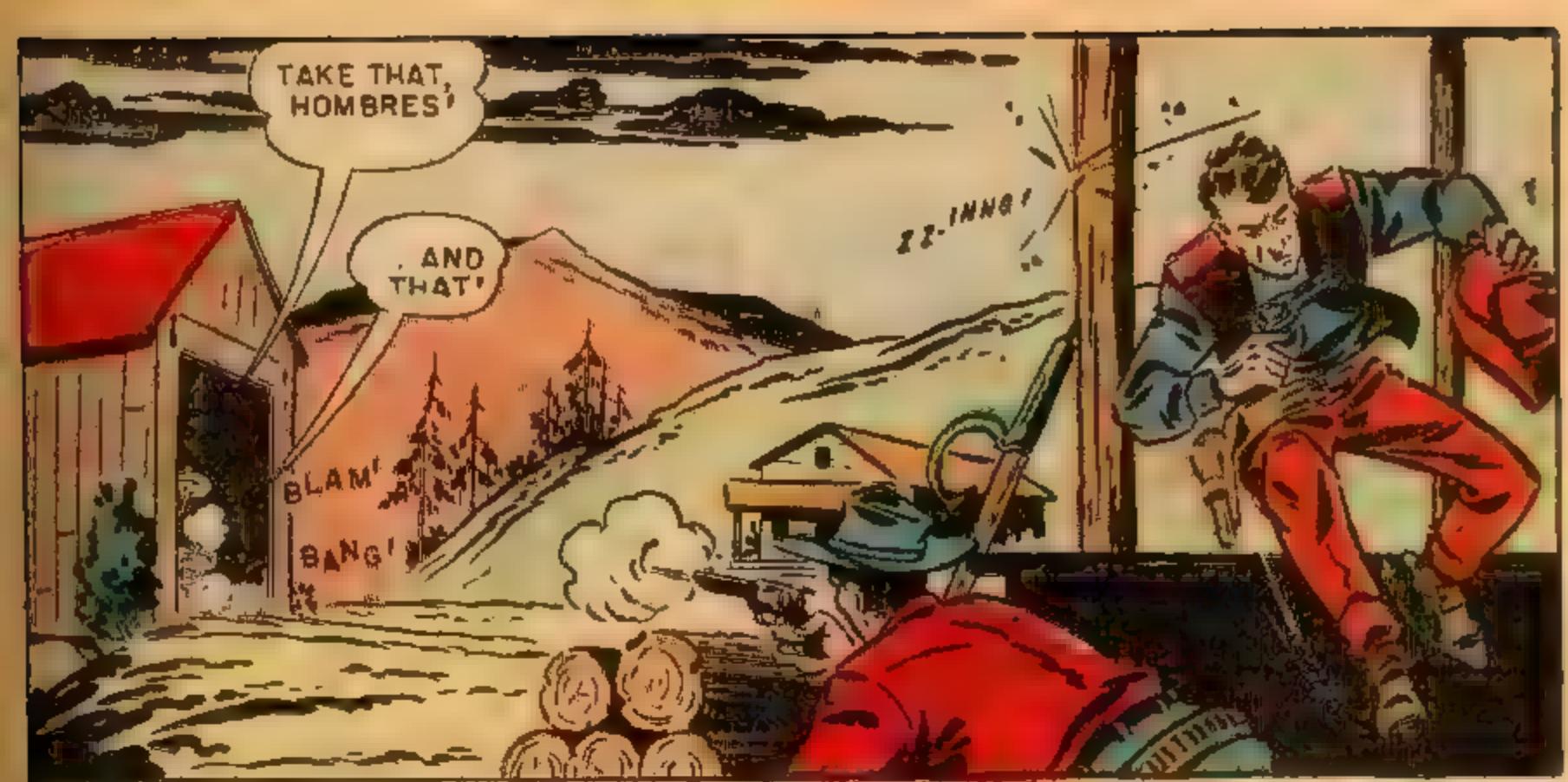
KNIGHT'S FERRY BRIDGE

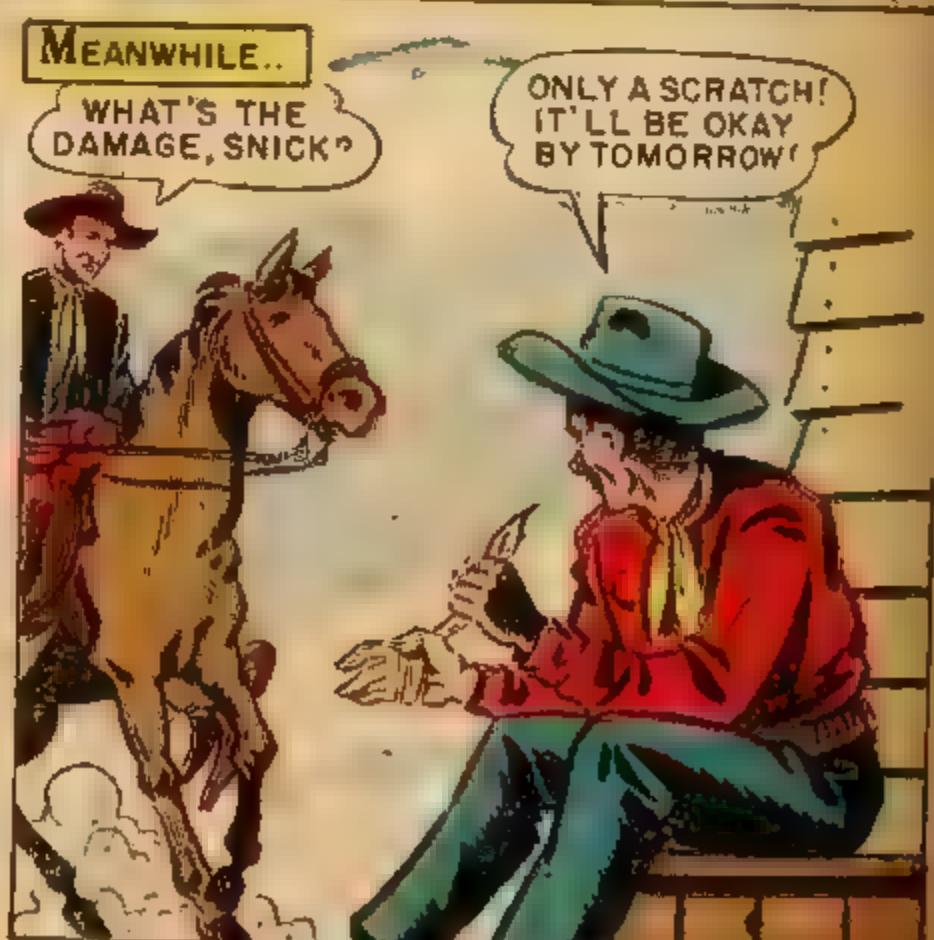
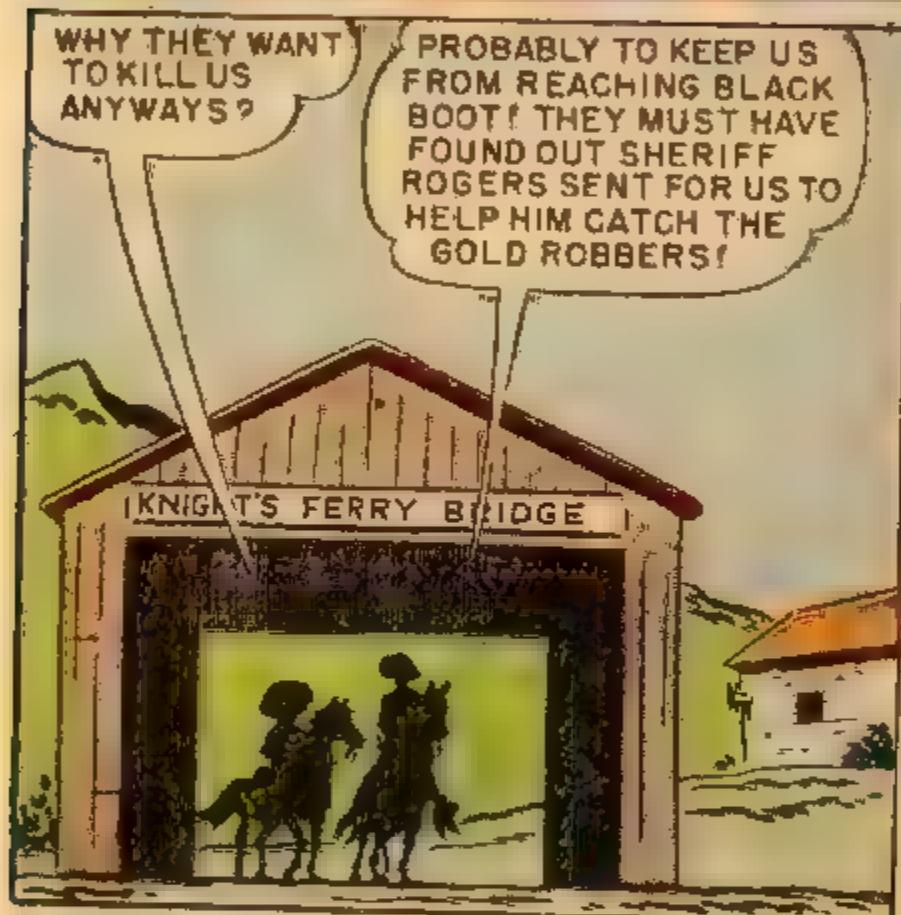
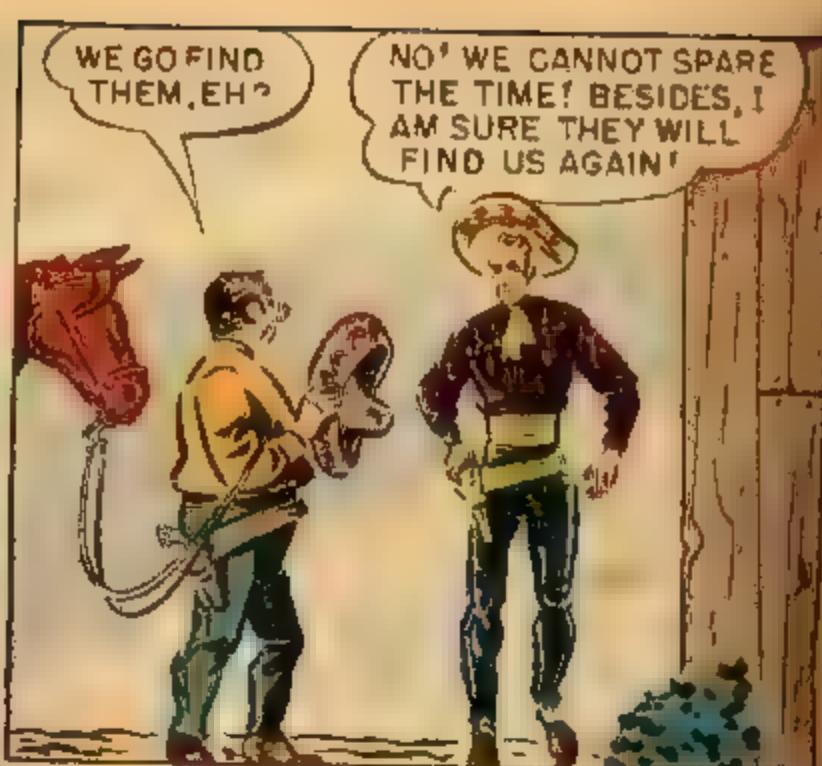
BANG!

BANG!

ZING!

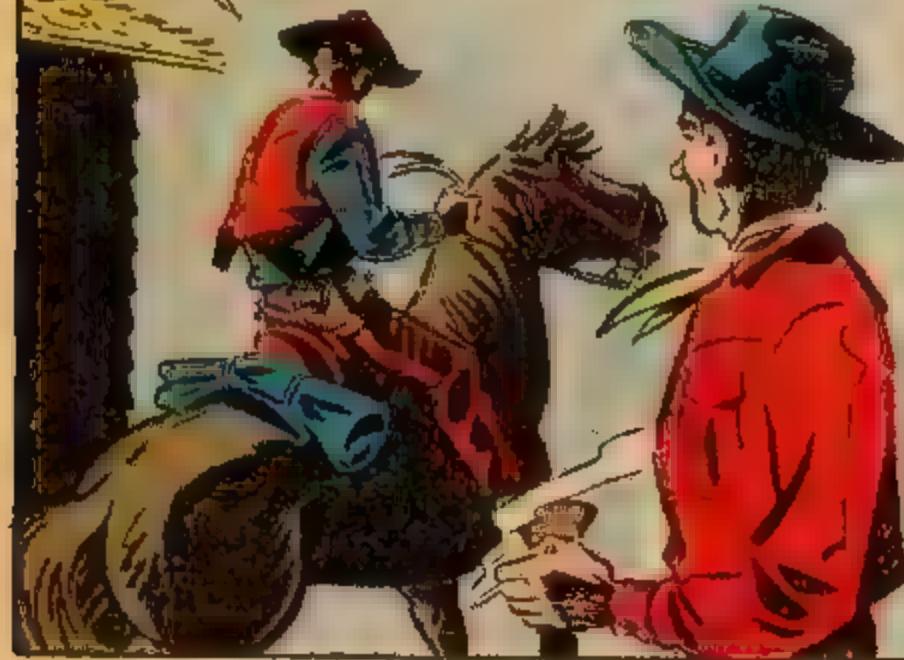






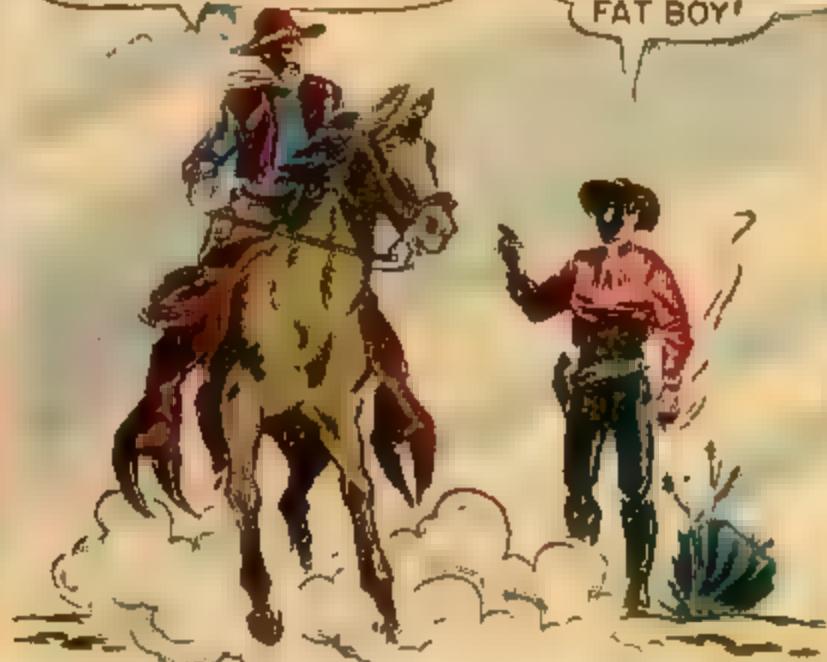
GOOD! YOU HIGHTAIL IT FOR BLACK BOOT! TELL THE BOSS WHAT HAPPENED!

WHERE'RE YOU HEADIN'?



OVER THE SHORT CUT TO THE OTHER END O' INJUN PASS! MAYBE I'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET ONE O' THAT PAIR!

MAKE IT CISCO' WITHOUT HIS BRAINS. PANCHO'S JUST ANOTHER FAT BOY!



LATER...

TWO RIDERS STRADDLIN' A WHITE HOSS AN' A CHESTNUT! LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!



WITH CISCO IN THE LEAD, THIS'LL BE A CINCH! SOON AS HE SHOWS AROUND THAT CURVE, I'LL OPEN UP!



PULL UP, PANCHO! IT LOOKS AS IF THOSE DRY-GULCHERS HAVE FOUND US AGAIN!

SO QUICK? WHERE THEY ARE? HOW MANY---?

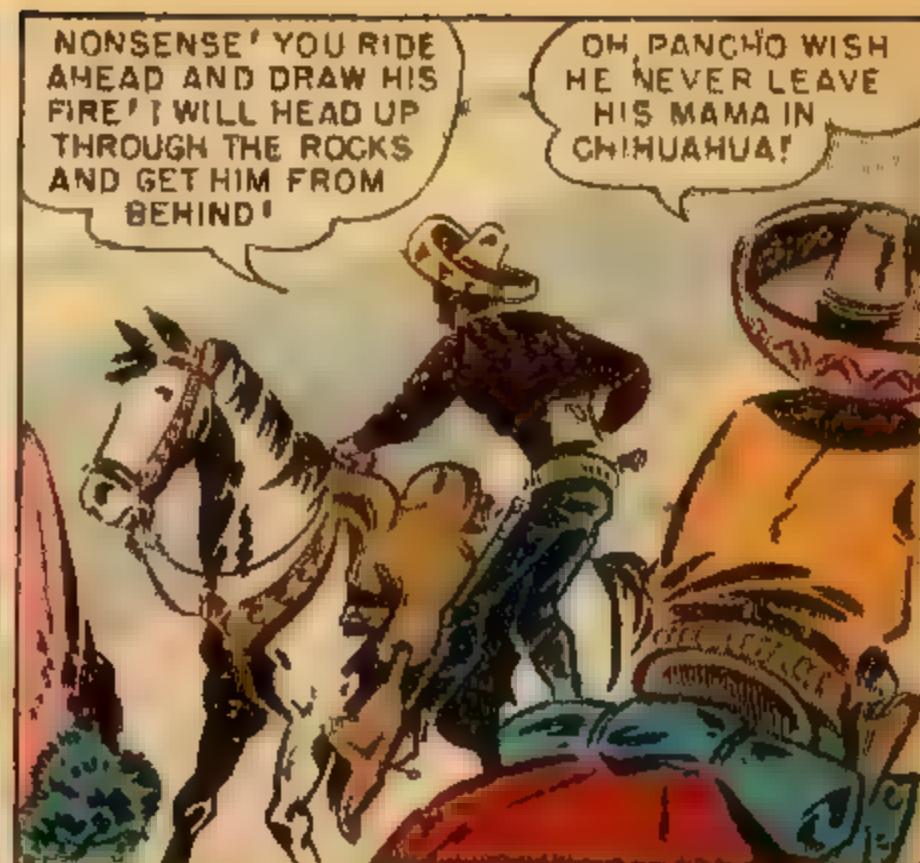


ONLY ONE---I THINK'
HE IS UPON THAT
LEDGE! I SAW THE
SUN ON HIS GUN
BARREL!

AI-EEE! THIS TIME
OUR GOOSE SHE
IS COOKED FOR
SURE CERTAIN!

NONSENSE! YOU RIDE
AHEAD AND DRAW HIS
FIRE! I WILL HEAD UP
THROUGH THE ROCKS
AND GET HIM FROM
BEHIND!

OH, PANCHO WISH
HE NEVER LEAVE
HIS MAMA IN
CHIHUAHUA!

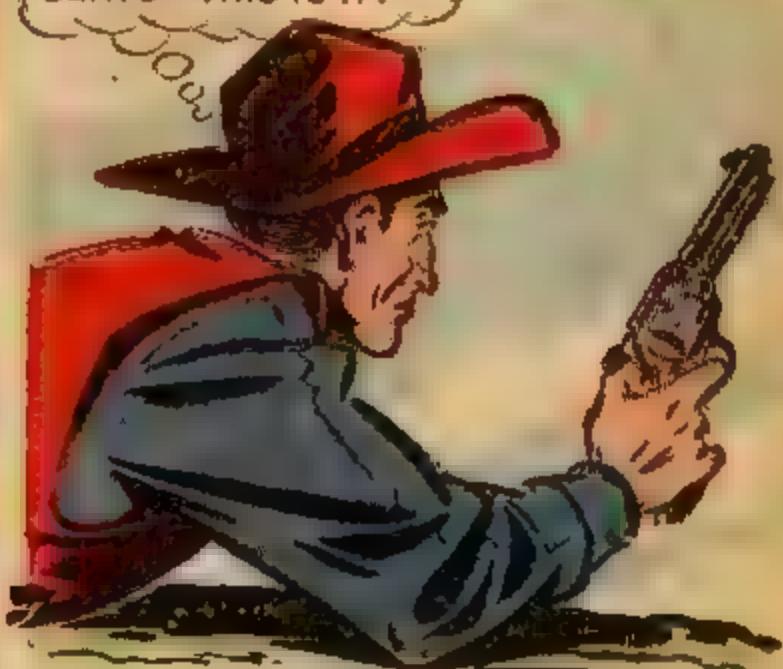


IF YOU WANT TO SEE
HER AGAIN, YOU HAD
BETTER GET GOING!

PANCHO IS
ALREADY WENT!

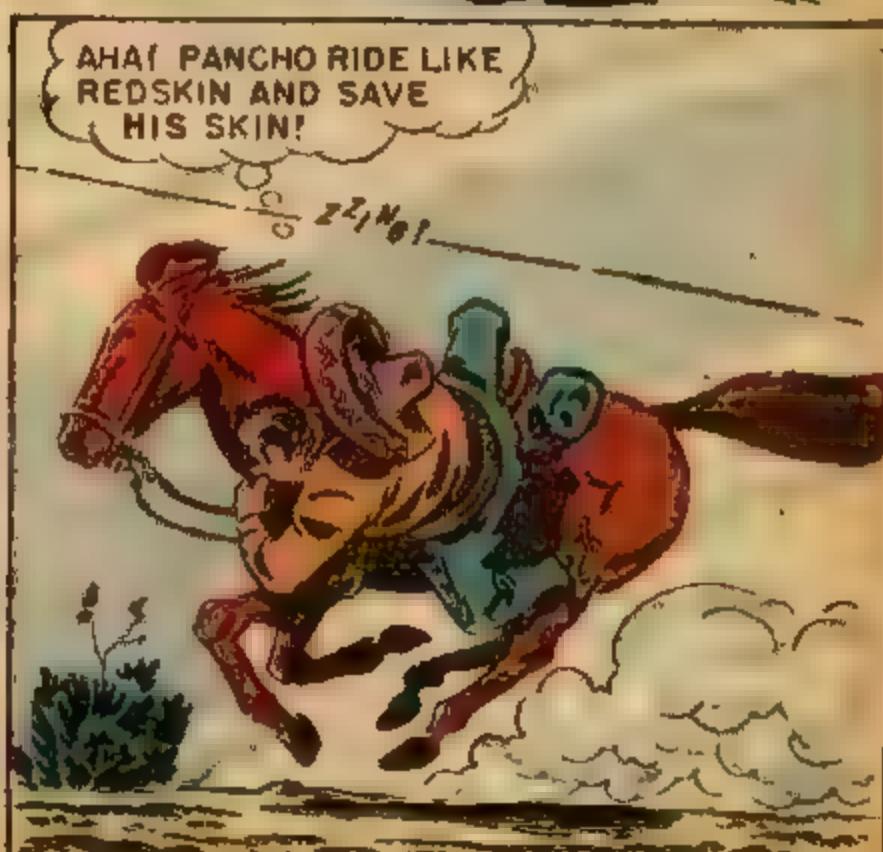
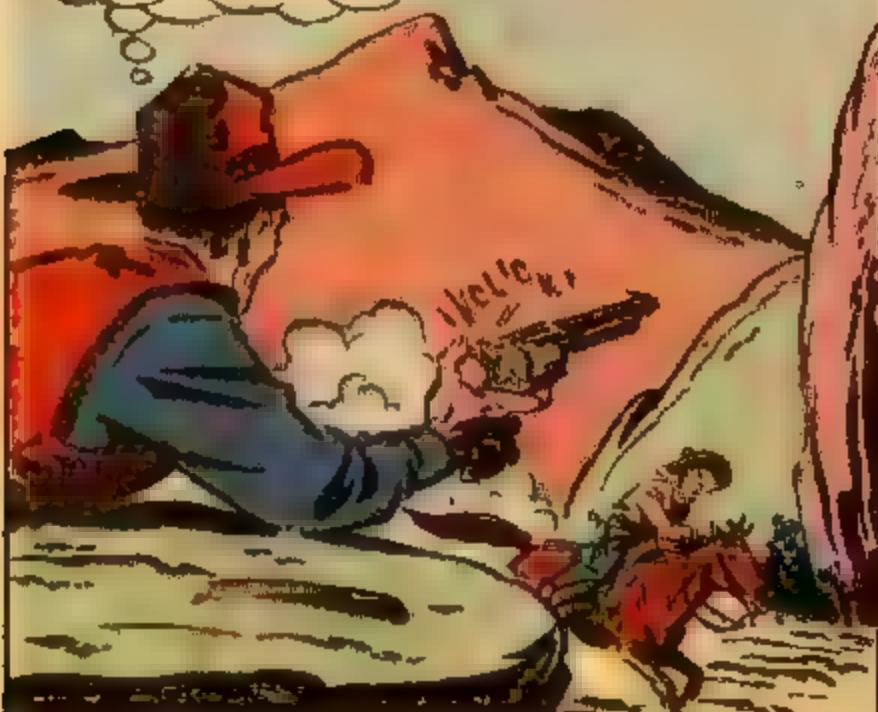
AT THAT MOMENT...

FUNNY, THEY SHOULDA
ROUNDED THAT CURVE
AFORE---OH-OH! HOOF-
BEATS! THIS IS IT!



WHAT IN BLAZES!
PANCHO! MOVIN' FASTER'N
A TEXAS DUSTER!

AHAI PANCHO RIDE LIKE
REDSKIN AND SAVE
HIS SKIN!



MISSED HIM, BLAST IT! WELL, I'LL GET CISCO---

GUESS AGAIN, HOMBRE!



I'LL THROW IT ALL RIGHT--BUT NOT DOWN!

OOOFF!



CISCO'

THROW DOWN THAT GUN OR ---



AS CISCO TRIES TO CLEAR HIS HEAD...

LOOKS LIKE MY CUE TO MAKE TRACKS!

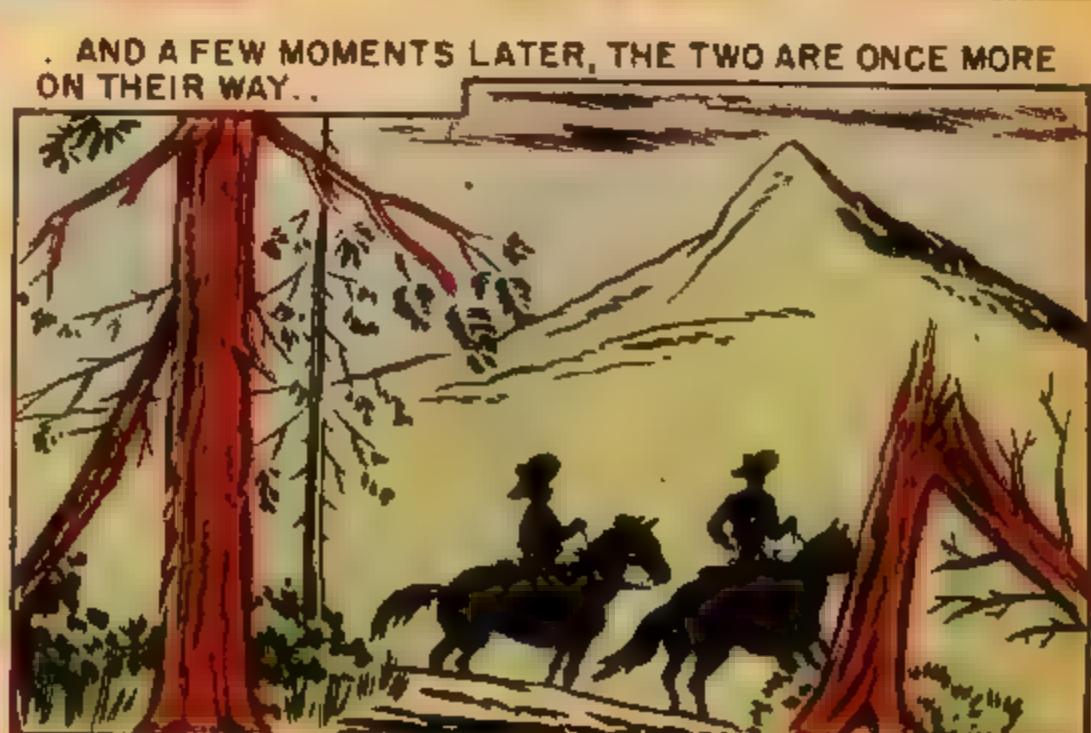
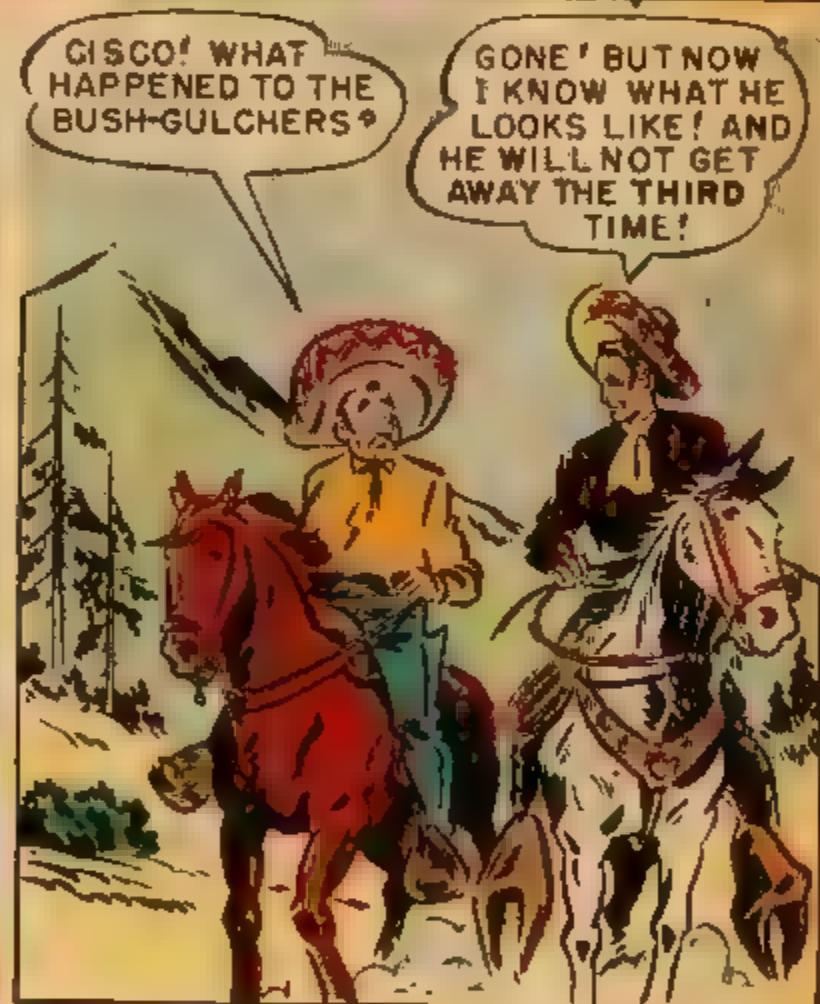
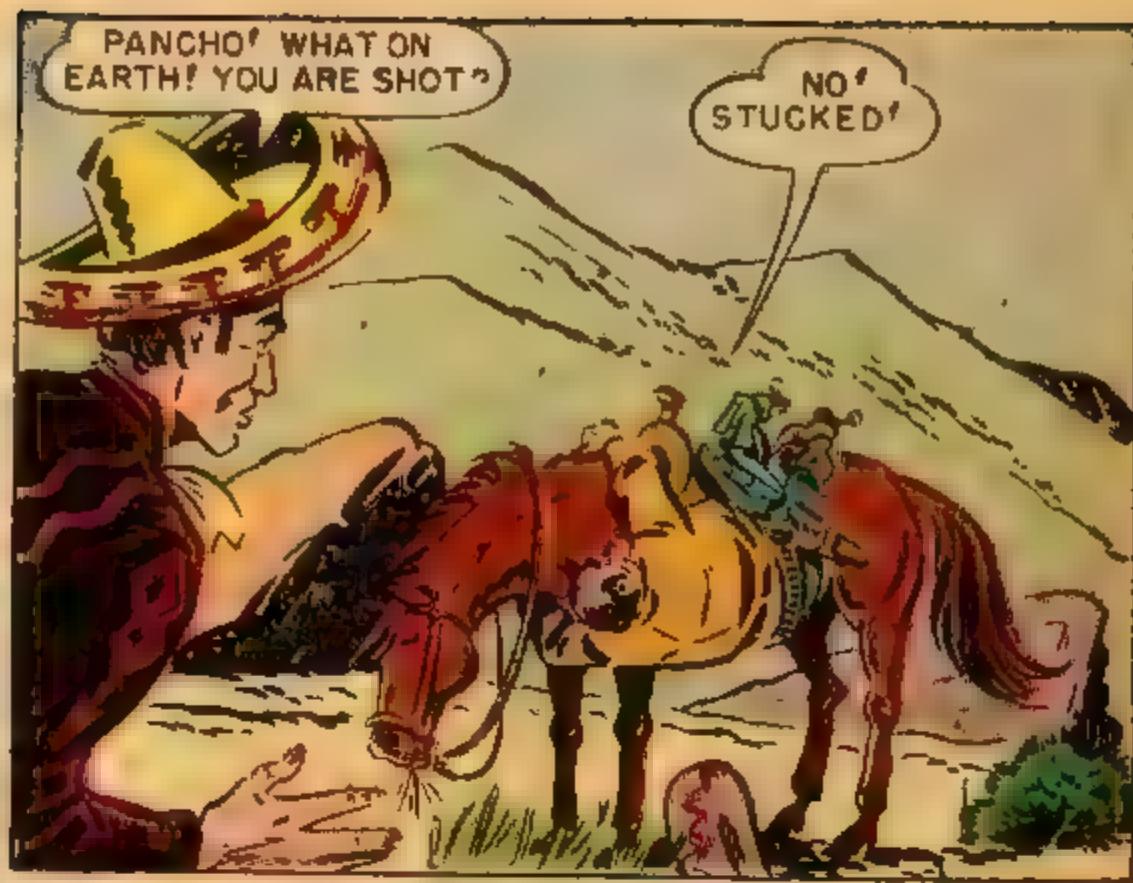


MOVE, BOY! THE CISCO KID'S ONE JASPER I AIN'T TANGLIN' WITH---BAREHANDED!



SO! AGAIN HE HAS DISAPPEARED! BUT THE NEXT TIME WE MEET---





LATE AFTERNOON.

AHA! THE PUEBLO OF BLACK BOOT! NOW PANCHO EAT AND EAT AND EAT!

ONLY IF HE COOKS IT HIMSELF! THAT IS NOT BLACK BOOT! IT IS PAYSTREAK — A GHOST TOWN!

EIGHT MONTHS AGO, IT WAS THRIVING! THEN THE GOLD RAN OUT! A NEW STRIKE WAS MADE IN BLACK BOOT, AND EVERYONE RUSHED OVER THERE ---



---LEAVING PAYSTREAK TO THE BATS AND OWLS --- AND GHOSTS!

SANTO' CISCO AND PANCHO NOT SOME OF THOSE! WHY THE SAM HILL BLAZES WE COME HERE?



BECAUSE IT LIES EAST OF BLACK BOOT! AND THOSE KILLERS WILL BE LOOKING FOR US TO COME IN FROM THE WEST, SABE?

NO! PANCHO ONLY SABE HE IS SO HUNGRY HIS THROAT THINK HIS STOMACH SHE IS CUT!

I AM HUNGRY, TOO! WE WILL STOP HERE FOR SUPPER AND RIDE ON TO BLACK BOOT AFTER DARK!

BEFORE DARK--- PANCHO HOPE!



PANCHO DON'T MIND
GHOSTS - TOWN IN DAY!
BUT IN NIGHT --- AH!
THAT IS COLOR OF A
DIFFERENT HORSE!

SANTO! THE
BUSH-GULCHERS!

BLAM!

IN THE SALOON!
WITH A SHOTGUN!
GET DOWN!

BEHIND A SHIELD OF HOT LEAD, CISCO
EDGES TOWARD THE SALOON DOORS...

PIONEER SA

PIONEER SALOON

AH-EEEE!

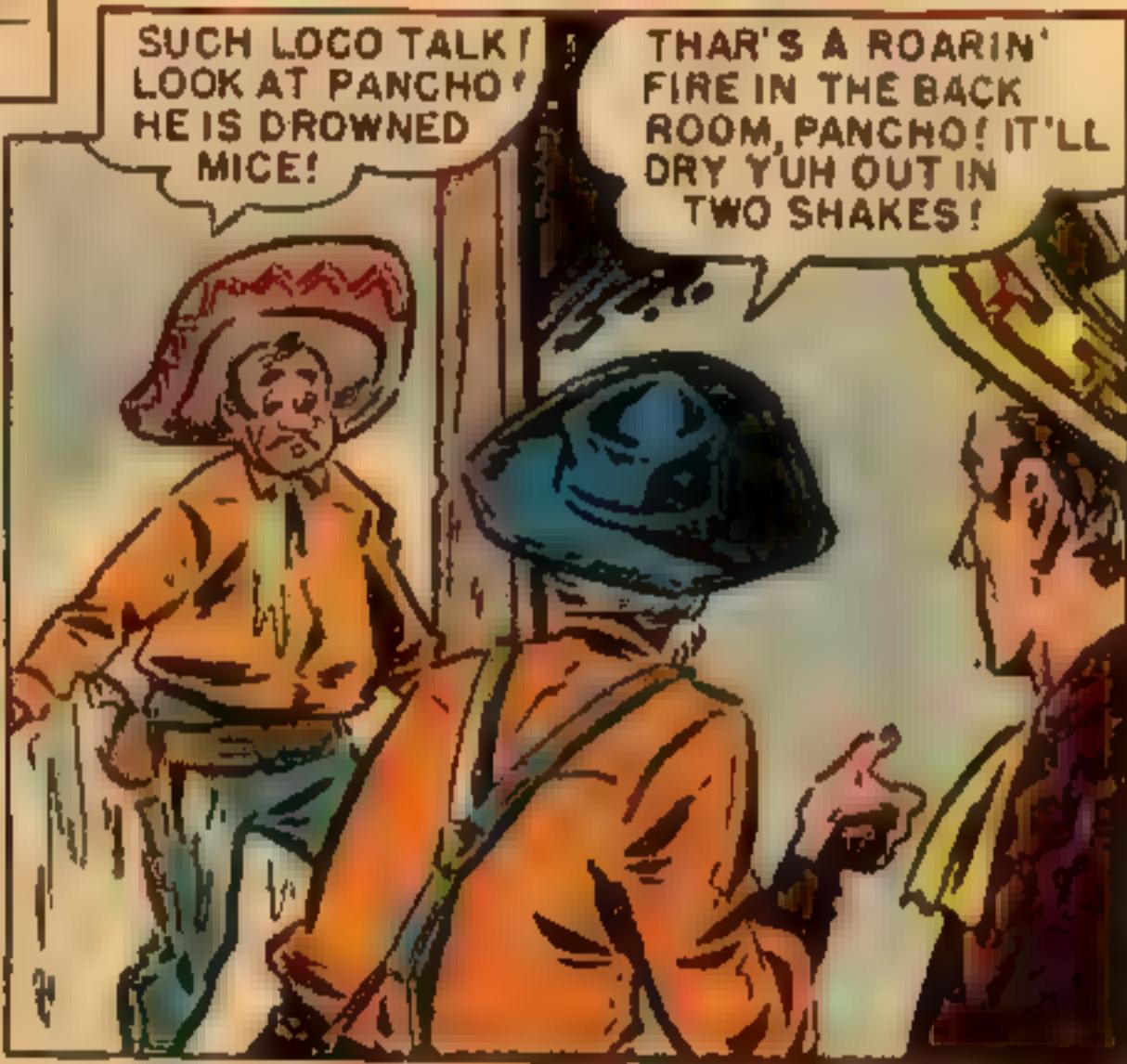
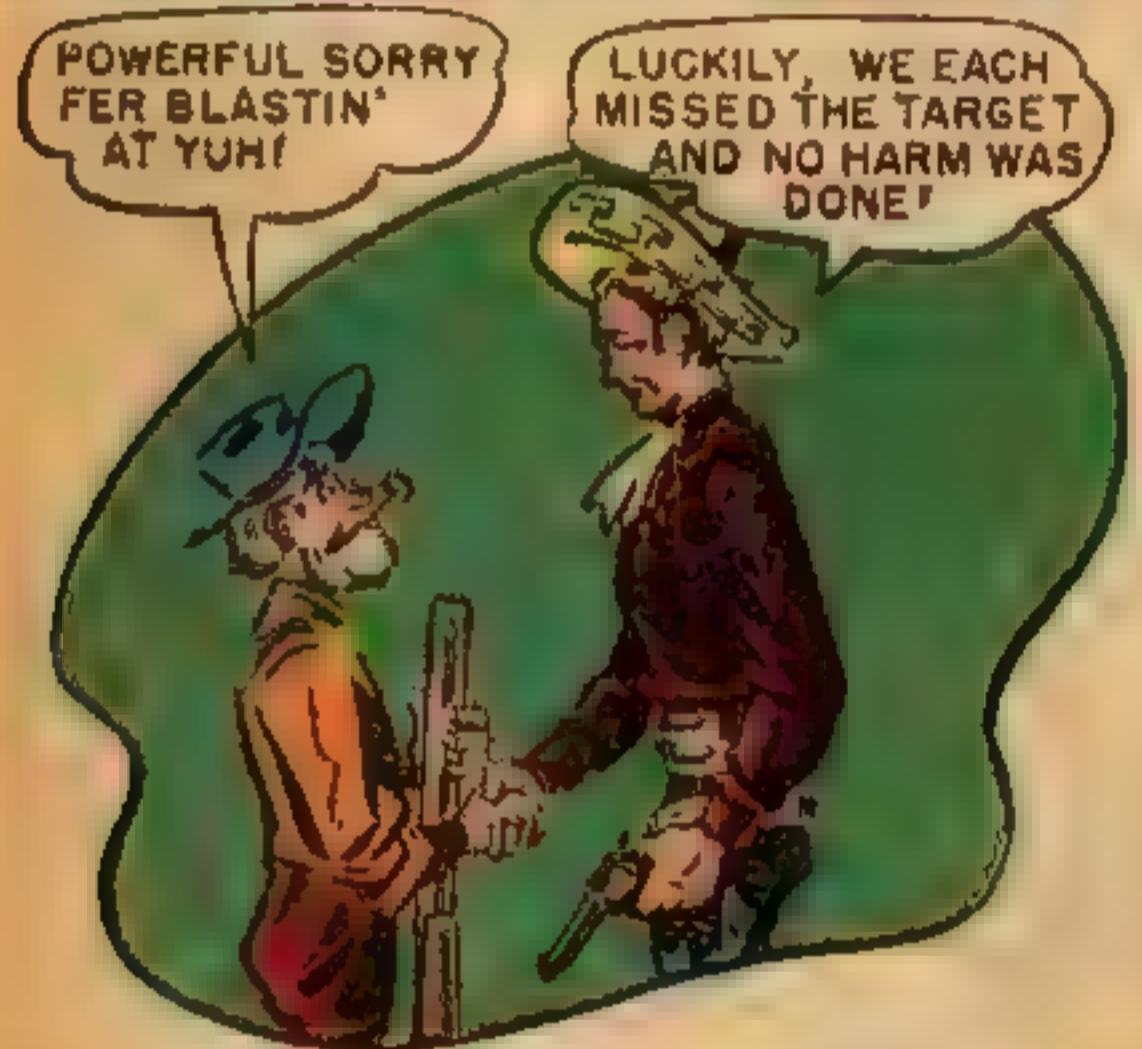
ZING!

TWO SHOTS!
NOW --- BEFORE
HE CAN RELOAD!

PIONEER
SALOON

DROP THAT GUN AND
RAISE YOUR HANDS!
OR—
SEÑOR CROAKER!

CISCO! GOSH!
DIDN'T RECKERNISE YOU
AN' PANCHO! THOUGHT
YUH WUZ TWO O' THEM
NIGHT RIDERS!



THAT SMELL! (SNIFF!) SEÑOR CROAKER, TELL PANCHO QUICK! IT IS FOOD!

SHORE IS! BEEF STEW! GOT EVERYTHIN' IN IT EXCEPTIN' THE HAIR, HORNS AN' HOLLER! SET DOWN! I'LL DISH IT UP!



TELL ME ABOUT THESE
NIGHT RIDERS, SEÑOR
CROAKER!

DON'T KNOW MUCH' BEEN
HEARIN' 'EM EVERY FEW
NIGHTS FER THREE WEEKS'
USUALLY COME THUNDERIN'
INTA TOWN 'BOUT AN HOUR
AFORE SUNUP!

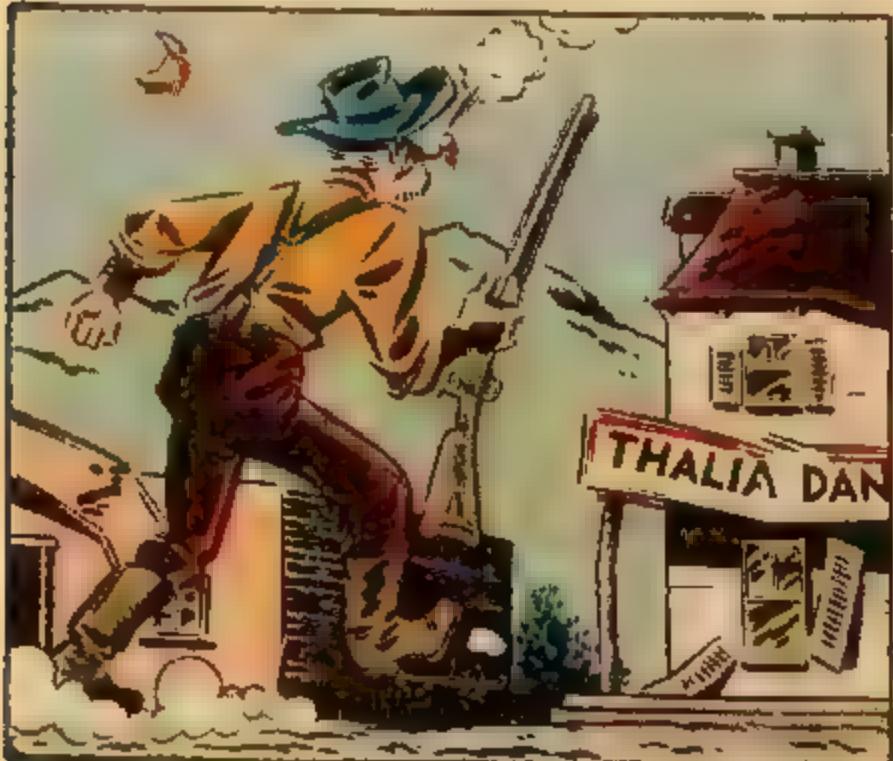


"MADE ME MAD. SO I GOT MY OLD THUMB
BUSTER AN' HEADED THATAWAY

DIDN'T PAY NO HEED TILL LAST
NIGHT' THEY GOT TO WHOOPIN'
IT UP DOWN IN THE OLD THALIA
DANCE PALACE! AN' DOGGONEO
IF'N I COULD SLEEP!



"I CREEPT TO THE DOOR REAL QUIET-LIKE,
AN' JEST THAT SECOND, THE PLACE
WENT DARK



"AN FOUR HOMBRES, WEARIN' THEIR GUNS LOW,
COME OUT. RECKON THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THEY
KNOWED ANYBODY ELSE WUZ IN TOWN "



"THAT MADE ME MADDER'N A RATTLER "

DANGED IF'N I WILL'
I LIVE IN THIS HERE
TOWN AN'---

NOT ANY
MORE! YOU'RE
MOVIN'---



"QUICKER'N A WINK, HE GRABBED ME AN' SENT
ME FLYIN' "

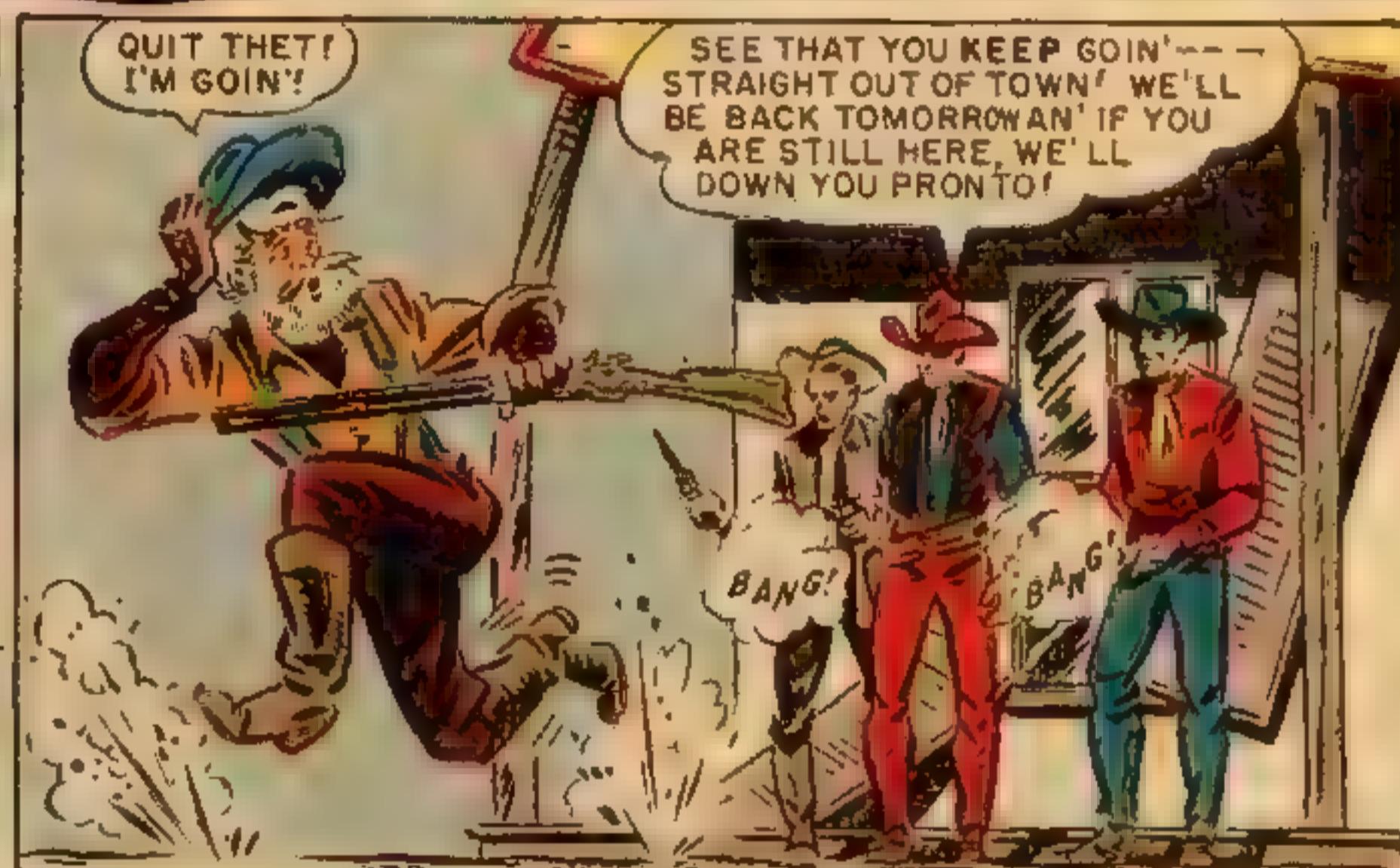
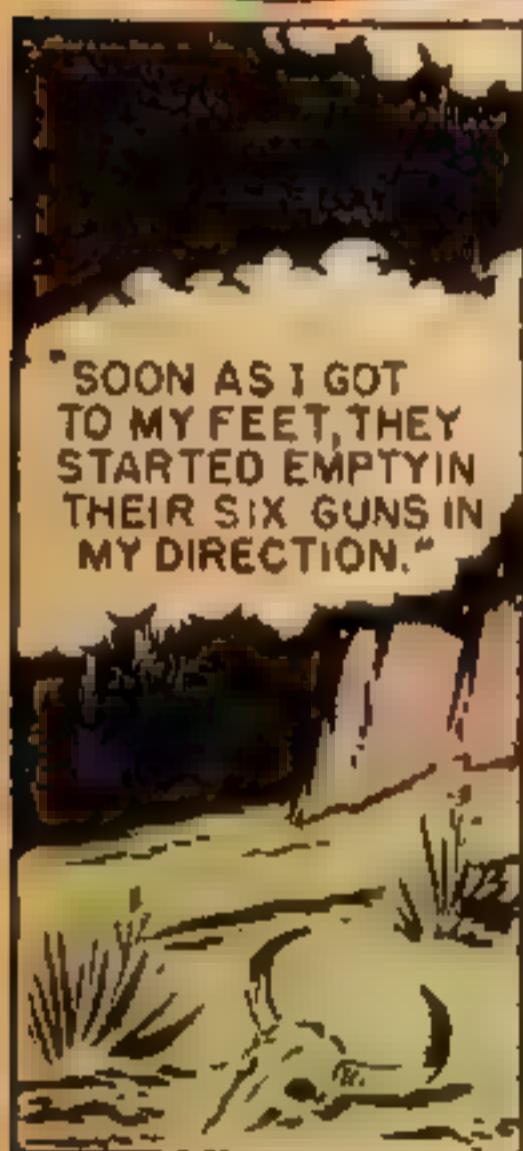
--RIGHT
NOW!



"SOON AS I GOT
TO MY FEET, THEY
STARTED EMPTYIN'
THEIR SIX GUNS IN
MY DIRECTION."

QUIT THET!
I'M GOIN'

SEE THAT YOU KEEP GOIN'--
STRAIGHT OUT OF TOWN! WE'LL
BE BACK TOMORROWAN' IF YOU
ARE STILL HERE, WE'LL
DOWN YOU PRONTO!



SO I KEPT GOIN'! WHEN I
FIGGERED THEY COULDN'T SEE
ME NO MORE, I DUCKED INTA
AN ALLEY AN' HID IN AN EMPTY
WATER BARREL TILL I HEARD
'EM RIDIN' OUT!



WHEN I HEERD YORE
HOSSES A BIT AGO---WAL,
I RECKONED THEY'D COME
BACK TO CHECK ON ME!



I AM SURE THEY WILL' SO, PANCHO, IF YOU WILL HIDE DIABLO AND LOCO, WE WILL PREPARE A WARM WELCOME FOR THEM!

HO! HO! PANCHO KNOWS WHAT THAT MEAN--- RED-HOT BULLETS!

IN WHAT DIRECTION DID THE GUNMEN RIDE OUT, SEÑOR CROAKER?

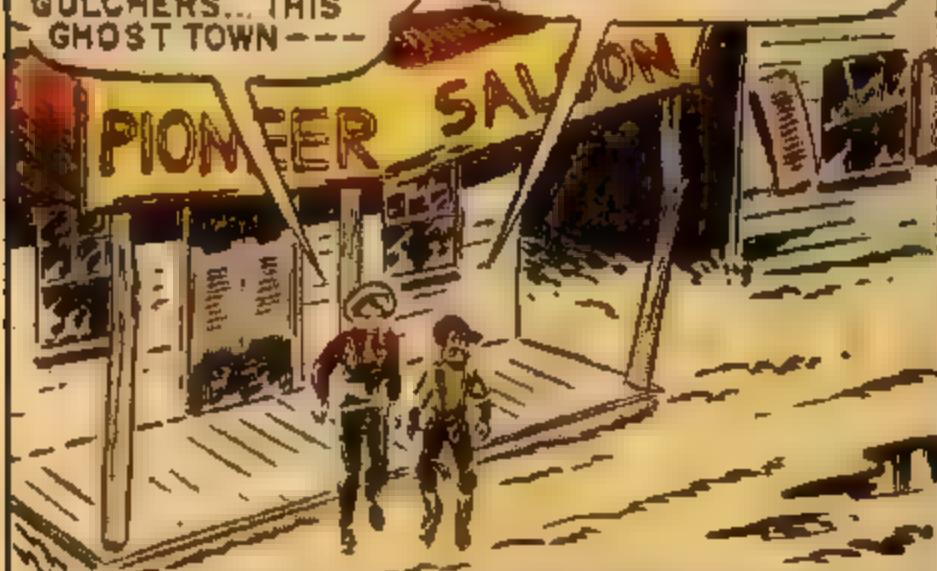
SAME ONE THEY COME FROM--- WEST' TOWARD BLACK BOOT!



I THOUGHT SO! THINGS ARE ADDING UP! THE WIRE FROM SHERIFF ROGERS--- THE DRY-GULCHERS... THIS GHOST TOWN---

HOLD ON, CISCO! I AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEE WHAT YUH'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

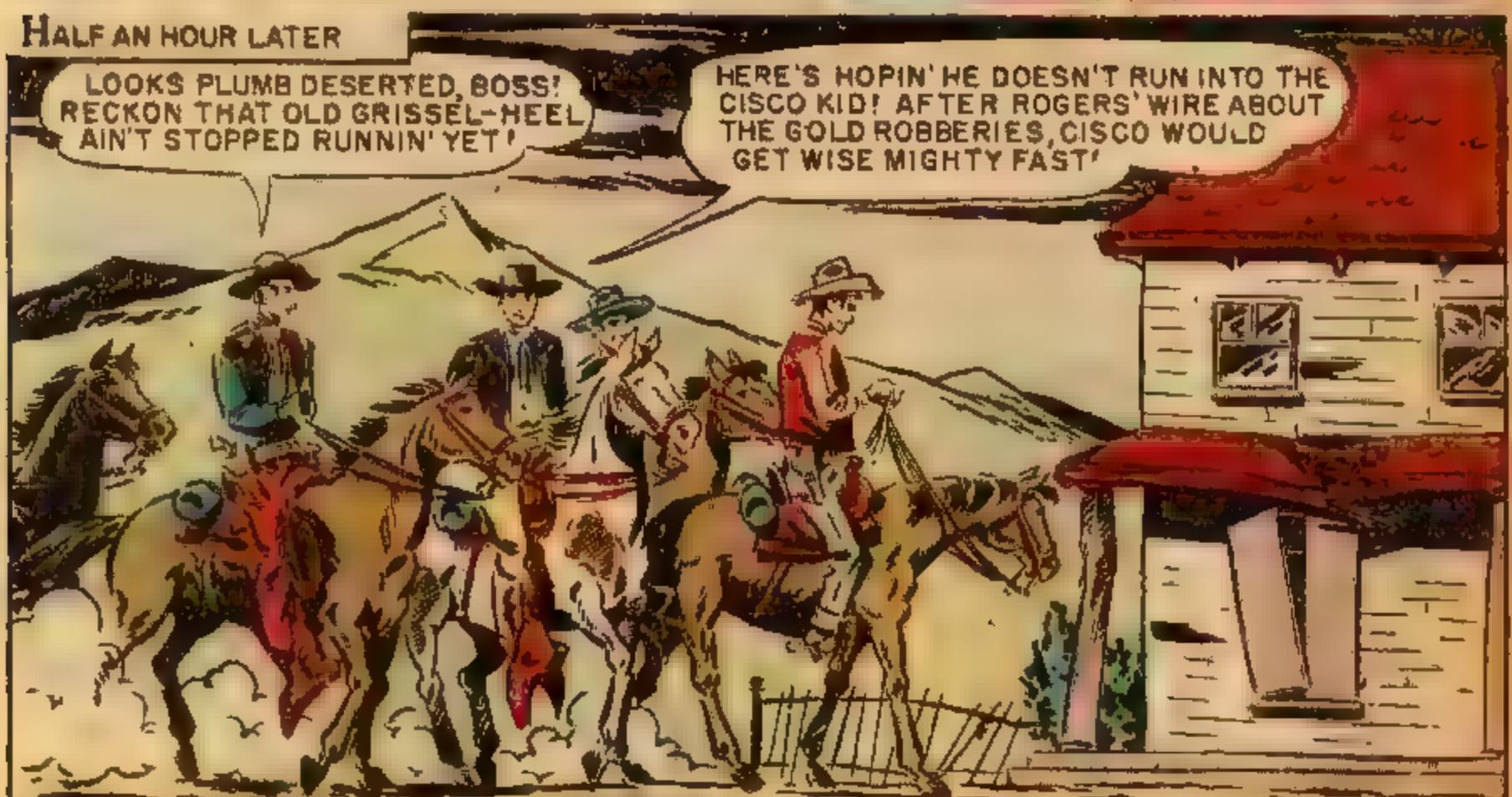
I WILL TELL YOU LATER! COME! WE MUST HURRY! THOSE GUNMEN ARE VERY APT TO RETURN BEFORE DARK!



HALF AN HOUR LATER

LOOKS PLUMB DESERTED, BOSS! RECKON THAT OLD GRISSEL-HEEL AIN'T STOPPED RUNNIN' YET!

HERE'S HOPIN' HE DOESN'T RUN INTO THE CISCO KID! AFTER ROGERS' WIRE ABOUT THE GOLD ROBBERIES, CISCO WOULD GET WISE MIGHTY FAST!





KANSAS PRESSES A HIDDEN BUTTON.



YOU ARE SURROUNDED,
HOMBRES! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS!

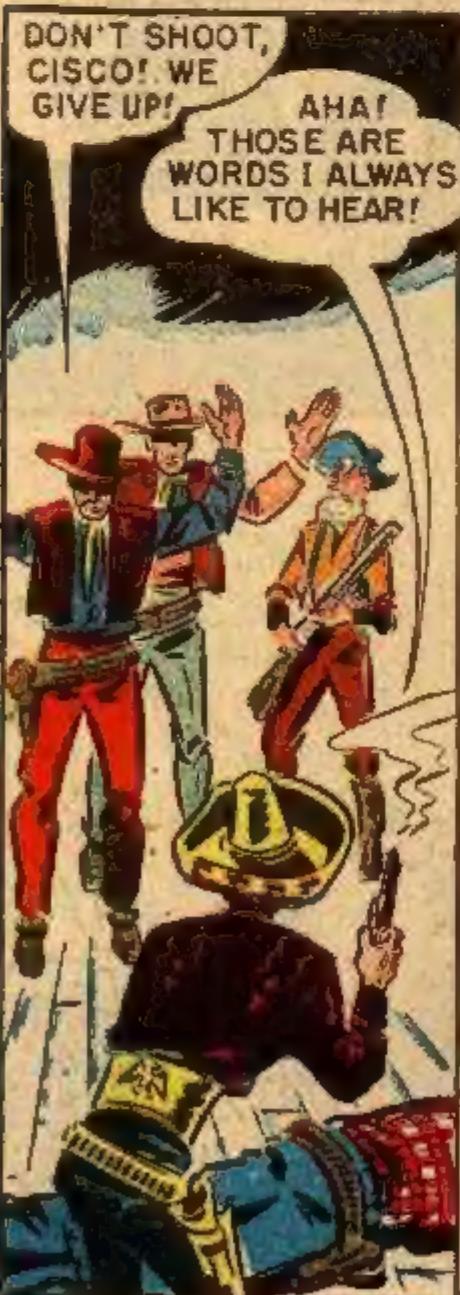
HE'S LYIN',
BOYS! ROLL
YOUR GUNS!

NOT THAT,
HOMBRE, SEÑOR!

BLAN!

BANG!

NER
THAT ONE!



RANGE HAZARDS



THE THROW-BACK

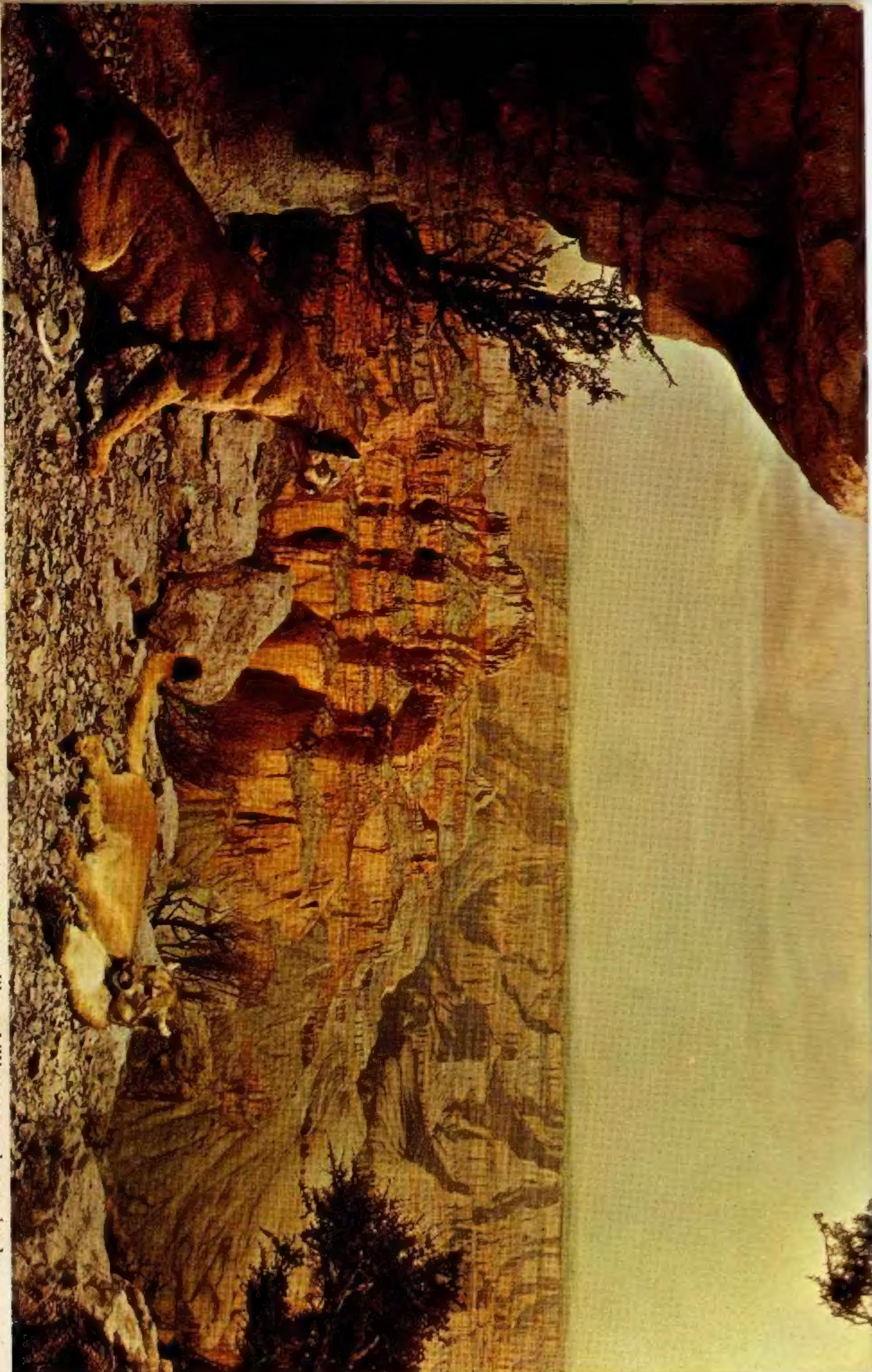
A THROW-BACK IS THE ACT OF A HORSE REARING UP AND FALLING OVER BACKWARDS. SOMETIMES THIS IS ACCIDENTAL, AS WHEN A HORSE LOSES ITS BALANCE AND FALLS.

QUITE OFTEN, MANY WILD HORSES WHILE BEING BROKEN TO RIDE, WILL DELIBERATELY THROW THEMSELVES BACKWARDS IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRUSH THE RIDER. IT TAKES A NIMBLE RIDER TO CLEAR THE SADDLE AND SAVE HIMSELF FROM INJURY OR DEATH!

HUNG-UP

BEING HUNG-UP IS AN ACCIDENT WHICH IS FEARED BY ALL RIDERS. IN THIS MISHAP, THE RIDER IS UNSEATED AND ONE FOOT BECOMES FASTENED IN THE STIRRUP. A RIDER TO WHOM THIS HAPPENS IS VERY FORTUNATE IF HE IS NOT DRAGGED TO DEATH OR SUFFERS SERIOUS INJURY.





The mountain lion or cougar is not a true lion but is related to the leopards. Their favorite food is venison but when deer

become scarce, they turn readily to killing young horses, lambs and cows.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.